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Arioſto's
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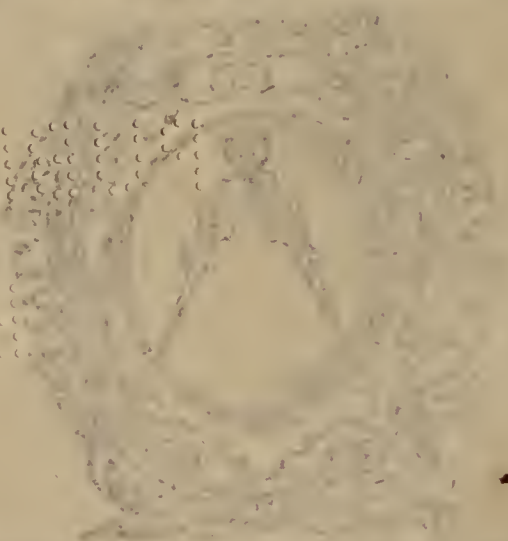
SATYRES, IN
SEVEN FAMOVS DIS-courſes, ſhewing the State,

1 Of the Court, and Courtiers.
2 Of Libertie, and the Clergie in generall.
3 Of the Romane Clergie.
4 Of Marriage.
5 Of Soldiers, Muſitians, and Louers.
6 Of Schoolmaſters and Scholers.
7 Of Honour, and the happieſt Life.

In Engliſh, by Garuis Markham.

LONDON
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Roger Iackſon*, dwelling in Fleet-ſtreet, neere the great Conduit. 1609.

Ch. Harris
Dec. 11, 1901
I



To the Reader.

GEntle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne, hauing alwaies regard to an others good, do painfully beſtow houres, daies, and yeares, to make that eaſie to others, which they with great labour haue obtained; in their places, vſing all meanes, to reclaime all perſons, from all manner vices, and to furniſh them with ſuch gifts of grace, as make the poſſeſſors all iointly happy. From the man of experience, which hath learning and wiſedome, thou mayeſt bee ſure to receiue good inſtruction. I know my ſelfe vnable to giue the Author of this booke, his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet ſhould I ſeeme to ſome, to flatter, to others not to haue ſayd inough: wherefore for thy contentment, let this ſuffice thee, the author had his education with the learned, his liuing among the greateſt concourſe of people, and his life vnreproueable. For his gifts, the world hath already had ſufficient experience, in that famous worke of *Orlando Furioſo*. Whoſoeuer thou art, I dare aſſure thee, thou mayeſt in this diſcourſe (as in a glaſſe) ſee thy preſent eſtate, and ſo not miſſe to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou ſhalt finde pleaſure, both in the matter and forme; by conſiderng thou ſhalt be able to inſtruct thy ſelfe and others; but by practiſing as thou ought, thou ſhalt find ſetled happineſſe. Let the example

of others be thy inſtruction, to flie that euill which hath bin their ouerthrow, and to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankful firſt to God, then to the author, and laſtly to thy Country-man, who for thy ſake, without any other recompence, hath taken the paines in moſt exquiſite manner, to be thy interpreter.

Vale.

The argument of the whole worke, and the reasons why *Lodouico Arioſto* writ theſe Seauen Satyres.

THE *reaſons why Maſter* Lodouico Arioſto *writ theſe ſeauen Satyres, ſo much renowned and eſteemed amongſt all the Italians, were grounded vpon theſe fiue principles or diſcontentments.*

Firſt, the Poet being giuen wholly vnto his booke and ſtudy, was in the twentieth year of his age (at what time he began to write his Orlando Furioſo*) entertained into the ſeruice of* Don Hypolito, *Cardinall of Eſta, a greate fauourer of learning and good wits; where he continued certaine yeares at his ſtudy, being imployed by his Lord in many matters of greate importance, vntill this ſtrange accident hapned, which was the firſt occaſion why he fell into diſgrace with his Lord and maſter; and this it was.*

The Cardinall Hypolito *Maſter vnto* Arioſto, *falling in loue with a young Lady his kinſwoman (who for her owne part was no leſſe inamored of* Don Iulio *the naturall brother vnto the Cardinall) ſhe confeſſed vnto him, that the only thing which occaſioned her (aboue all other) to affect his brother, was the ſweet aſpect and beauty of his eies; vpon which the Cardinall grew into ſo great a hatred againſt his owne brother, that by iealouſie turning his loue into too violent fury, he ſet eſpialls ouer* Don Iulio *when he ſhould goe out of the towne on hunting, and ſet vpon him with a company of villaines, whome the Cardinall commanded in*

his owne presence to thrust out the eyes of his brother, because they onely were the choyce companions of his loue; an acte no lesse infamous to the Cardinall, then intollerable to all humane gouernement. Whereupon the Cardinall to escape all punishment that might happen to be inflicted vpon him, hee presently fledde to Agria *a Citty in* Hungary, *whereof he was Archbishop, & liued there vntill the death of* Iulio *the second then Pope of Rome, to auoyde his fury, who was much incensed against him. And because* Arioſto *would not followe him thither, as other of his seruants in his ranke did, he tooke it maruellously ill at his hands, and casting him from fauour vpon so sleight an occasion, gaue the Poet a ground for his inuention.*

The second cause of his discontentment was, that he being of very familiar and inward acquaintance with the Medices of Florence, *of which family two were Popes in his time, the one* Leo *the tenth, the other* Clement *the seuenth, both which he followed in good will, and stood them in greate stead as well when they were banished their country, as when they liued as priuate men in their owne citty: but when he sawe his expectation was deceiued, and that he found them not so ready to requite his seruice as himselfe imagined he had (and that rightly) deserued, he gaue them ouer quickly, and left the Romane Court, retyring himselfe to liue priuatly in Florence. For aboue all things he loued not to daunce long attendance at the Court for any preferment, neither would he be bound (longer then he pleased) vnto any man, although hee might haue had neuer so much, he prizing his liberty at so high a rate, as he esteemed the same more then the best Cardinals hat in Rome, as himselfe in his second Satyre affirmeth more plainly.*

The third cause which made him passionate, was this: his father dying, left him a greate charge and very little liuing, there being fiue brothers of them, and as many sisters (besides his old mother) all which lay vpon his hands to prouide for them; which was no

small

ſmall corſiue vnto him, to be troubled with ſo many worldly buſi-neſſes, he beeing giuen by nature to eaſe and to ſit quietly at his booke; and this greeued him ſo much, as oftentimes he was giuing ouer his ſtudy cleane, meaning to follow the world another while, had it not beene that he was perſwaded to the contrary by a gentleman a deare friend and kinſman of his, whom he dearely loued, called Pandolfo Arioſto, *whoſe death afterward he very much lamented.*

The fourth cauſe of diſcontentment was, he was much galled with the loue of women, whereunto he was a little too much giuen, it being a veniall ſinne amongſt the Italians; yet is he the rather to be pardoned, in that he often confeſseth his fault, and ſheweth himſelfe to be ſorry for the ſame, wiſhing that he could haue amended it: and alſo becauſe he deuoted himſelfe vnto the ſeruice of ſuch as were honorable, as was that moſt faire and vertuous widow deſcended of the noble family of the Lapi *in Florence, as hee himſelf teſtifieth in one of his Canzons, in which he celebrateth the beauties and honors of his Miſtriſſe, ſetting downe therein the time when, and the place where he firſt was inamored of her; which was in Florence, in the yeare* 1513. *vpon Saint* Iohn Baptiſt *day in Iune: at what time the Florentines vnder the conduct of their chiefe Captaynes,* Iulian *and* Peter di Medices *did ſolemnize many great feaſts, and preſented diuers rich ſhowes and playes before the people, in honor of their brother* Leo *the tenth, who then was newly choſen Pope. But after Cardinall* Hypolito *dyed,* Alfonzo *Duke of Ferrara allured* Arioſto *by al the meanes he could vnto his Court, offering him great offices and preferments to haue ſerued him in ordinary, but he louing his liberty more then any treaſure refuſed his proffer, & yet not altogether in ſuch ſort, but that in ſome faſhion he was content to retaine vnto him. Againe, had he beene giuen to haue ſought wealth and to haue heaped riches together, he could no way haue been without them for diuers great*

Princes

Princes being willing to haue had him liue in their Courtes with them, made tender of many great pensions vnto him, but he accepted of none: only he was content to offer his seruice (as I sayde before) to the aforesayd Duke Alfonso, *whome he chose rather for country sake, and of meere loue to the place wherein he was borne, then for any great gaine or promotion which he expected.*

Fiftly and lastly to conclude, he wrote these Satyres in Cardinall Hypolytoes *time, and whilst he continued with* Alfonso *Duke of Ferrara; who amõgst other faueurs done vnto him, made him president or lieutenant of a country called Grassignana (subiect vnto his Dukedome) but because the people were very factious and the country rebellious, and therefore he troubled ouer much with them, he tooke small pleasure in that gouernment, but rather mightily complaineth thereof, as is to be seene in the fourth and seuenth Satyre:*

He was borne in Anno 1474: *in the Castle of* Reggio, *which standeth in Lumbardy, his father at that time being gouernour thereof: He dyed of a payne he had in his stomacke, and was buried in Saint* Bennets *Church in Ferrara, hauing a fayre monument of marble with his statue placed thereupon, and an Epytaph which a gentleman a friend of his bestowed vpon him.*

The

The first Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth what qualities such men ought to haue, who goe about to purchase credit and wealth in the Courts of Princes: and that both his seruice and his writings haue beene most vngratefully requited by his Lord and Maister.

To his Brother Mr. A. A. and his friend L. B.

BRother, both of your selfe and of my friend
I faine would know this doubts vncertaine end:
Whether the Court thinkes of vs as we be,
Or in obliuion drownesour memorie.
Whether my Lord accuse my staying heere,
Or if I haue a friend so nobly deere,
As in mine absence will excuse my blame,
And gainst mine imputations, reasons frame:
That albe others follow him, yet I,
May stay behinde with ample honesty.
Or whether all of you most learnedly,
Read in the wealthy rules of flattery.
(That Goddesse of great Courtiers) rather augment
By your soft smoothings, his high discontent:
And so lift vp the fury of his heart,
Beyond both reason, sense, and my desart.
Well, if you do so, you are then most wise,
For so in these daies Courtiers onely rise:

He is a foole that ſtriues to liue by loſſe,
And t'is wits madneſſe when our prince we croſſe:
Not though he ſaid he ſaw the mid-day bright,
Couered with ſtarres as in the darke of night;
No, he that will by great mens fauours liue,
To ſooth and flatter, muſt by no meanes grieue.
Let greatneſſe either praiſe or diſcommend,
Do we not ſee how his attendants ſend,
Their verdicts forth, to iumpe with what he ſaies
Like Echos, or the Actors of ſtage plaies,
And from their lips ſend vollies of conſent,
As if t'were done by Act of Parliment:
And if by chance, any amongſt them be,
(As t'were moſt ſtrange in ſuch a company)
That dares not ſpeake ſo much for baſhfulneſſe,
Yet ſhall his looke applaud it neartheleſſe:
And his old ſhining countenance tell, that he
In ſilence doth commend their flatterie:
Though this in others you do diſcomend,
Yet me it doth much reputation lend:
Becauſe what euer my reſolues haue moulded,
I plainly without flattery haue vnfoulded,
And vtterd forth my reaſons in ſuch ſort,
That no diſgrace would to my fame retort,
The leaſt of which in this extremitie,
I hold of worthy ſtrong validity.
As firſt my life, which nature bids me prize,
Aboue all wealth thats vnderneath the skies,
Nor will I it by follie ſhorter make,
Then fortune or the heauens predeſtinate.
If I ſhould ſpend in trauaile my beſt times,
And ſucke th'infectious aire of forraine climes,
Being already ſickly, I ſhould die,
[a] Elſe *Valentine* and *Poſthumus* do lie.
Againe, men ſay I know my bodies ſtate,
Better then any other can relate.

[a] Two famous Phyſitions belonging to *Alphonzo* Duke of Ferara, the ſecond of that name, the laſt of which is ſaid to haue beene borne with a greene palme in his hand, and therefore was thought he would prooue an excellent Phyſitian, as afterward he did.

Can

Can iudge what for my ſelfe is good or ill,
And therefore am referd to mine owne skill,
Which being ſo, I know my natures ſtrength
Can not endure your cold climes: as at length,
Your ſelues haue proued and found that Italie,
Doth farre exceed the North in dignitie.
Beſides, the cold doth not offend me more,
Then doth their ſtoues, whoſe heat I much abhor;
My nature being ſuch, that euen the ſent
I loath as t'were a plague maleuolent.
Nor the winters breaths with you a man,
Without his hot houſe, bath, or warming pan;
Where here with vs, nature doth order keep,
We drinke vntill we ſweat, ſweat till we ſleep:
Eate til our iawes ake, game till our bones are weary,
Kiſſe till our lips ſmart: all things make vs merry.
Then who that comes from vs, with you can liue
In health, or to himſelfe contentment giue?
[b] When like *Riphæan*, ſnowie mountaines hie,
Many through ſharpneſſe of the aire do die.
As for my ſelfe, the vapours which exhale,
And from my queaſie ſtomacke riſe and fall,
Breeding Catarhres, and my ſick braines vnreſt,
Which ſoone frō thence fal down into my breaſt,
Would quickly rid me, in one night I know,
Both of my life and ſickneſſe at a blow.
Adde vnto this the ſtrength of fuming wine,
Which boiles like poiſon in theſe veines of mine,
Which cuſtome makes them quaffe & to carouſe,
Who doth refuſe is ſacrilegious:
Their meat with pepper, and with ſpices hot,
Is mixt to make them reliſh more the pot:
Which diet *Reaſon* my Phyſitian ſaith,
Will make my ſorrow long, and ſhort my breath.
But you will anſwere me, that if I pleaſe,
My ſelfe may be the Steward of mine eaſe.

[b] Hee compareth that part of Hungary where the Cardinall was vnto the cold *Riphean* mountaines in Scythia, which are euer couered ouer with ſnow.

And both prouid warme lodgings and ſound friends
Who will not tie me thoſe drunken ends.
Which cuſtome and the countries libertie,
Hath knit to men of place and quality.
You'le ſay I may prouide my ſelfe a Cooke;
Whoſe care might ouer my prouiſions looke.
And that my ſelfe according to my pleaſure
Might with my coine, my conduit water meaſure,
Whileſt you and your aſſociates with delight,
Should make of one iuſt length both day and night:
And I like to a Charterhouſe cloſe Frier,
Sit in my chamber, and attend my fire,
Eate mine owne breath, and moſt impatiently,
Like *Timon* liue without mans company.
And yet this is not all, behinde is worſe,
I muſt haue houſhold ſtuffe to plague my purſe:
Both for my kitchin, and my chambers grace,
As fathers furniſh brides in ſuch a caſe.
[c] Beſides, if maſter *Paſquin*, from his loue,
For once or twice, ſhould daine but to approue,
To dreſſe my meat alone, yet in the end,
He would my ſeuere humour diſcommend,
And ſay, if ſuch particulars I hold,
I muſt prouide a Cooke of mine owne mould.
And truly were my wealth ſtrong as my will,
Such counſaile I would earneſtly fulfill.
[d] Or if I had *Franciſco Steuiars* wealth,
No Prince ſhould be more followd then my ſelfe:
But this great charge, I can no way ſupport,
My meanes doth yield my minde ſo little comfort.
Beſides, if to my Steward I ſhould ſay,
(What beſt theſe watriſh humours doth alay)
That buy and buy (what ere thou paieſt) the beſt,
Becauſe ſuch things my ſtomacke doth diſgeſt.
If once or twice to pleaſe me he do frame,
Foure times at leaſt, he will forget the ſame.

[c] This was Cardinall *Hypolitoes* Cooke, whom hee had with him into Hungary.

[d] This was one of the greateſt landed men in Ferara, whoſe father maried the baſe daughter of *Borzo*, ſomtime Duke of that City, by whom he had a mighty Maſſe of treaſure.

Not

Not daring ſometimes buy them from this feare,
Leſt I ſhould it cauſe the price is deere.
Hence comes it, oft I feed on bread alone,
Which breedes in me the chollicke and the ſtone.
Hence I liue priuate, hence I am ſubiect much,
[e] To choler, and to euery peeuiſh tuch:
Fretting and fuming with ſuch peeuiſhneſſe,
That in my beſt friends, I leaue doubtfulneſſe.
Apollo thee I thanke, it is thy will,
And you faire *Muſes* of the learned hill:
I find that for your ſakes I not poſſeſſe,
Apparell that will cloath my nakedneſſe.
But ſay my Lord doth (as it is moſt true)
Each ſeuerall yeare make me apparell new.
Yet for your ſakes that he performe the ſame,
T'is moſt vntrue, or ſo to thinke a blame.
Himſelfe auowes as much, as well I may
With reputation write what he doth ſay,
Yet am no neerer my cares to rehearſe,
Sith he reſpects ſtrawes better then my verſe.
All creatures can commend ſweet poeſie,
But none reſpects the Poets pouertie
[f] That famous worke which I in painefull wiſe
Compos'd to raiſe his glories to the skies
He doth deny the merit of all fame,
Learning muſt beg; but rich men are to blame,
To gallop vp and downe, and poſt it hard:
My Lord auowes t'is he deſerues reward,
Who keepes his banquet-houſe and banco ſweet
And like a Spaniell waits vpon his feet.
That nicely plaies the ſecret Chamberlaine,
And watches euery houre with great paine:
Or he that to his bottles cleanly lookes.
And cooles his ale or wine in running brookes:
Or elſe his Page that dares not cloſe an eie,
Vntill the *Bergamiskes* induſtriouſly,

[e] *Arioſto* by nature was very cholerick, & be moued for any ſmall trifle, as may appeare by the breaking of the Potters pots, which is ſpoken of in the ſtory of his life.

[f] He meaneth *Orlando Furioſo*, about which worke *Arioſto* ſpent almoſt 18 yeares, taking his ſubiect out of Connt Boyardo, Earle of Scandiane in Lumbardy, who finiſht 3. bookes of *Orlando, Inamorato*.

Beat on their anuils, whoſe very ſound
Brings the poore ſleepy boy into a ſwound.
To theſe he giues his great beneuolence,
And doth approue their worthes by recompence:
He ſaith if in my bookes he praiſed be,
T'is nothing or to him, or vnto me.
And that it was the ſeede of Idle time,
Nouriſht by vanitie and fooliſh rime,
And from my ſeruice he might more haue gained,
If I in other ſort to him retained.
What if within the Millan chancery,
Vnder the ſhew of ſome authority,
He hath beſtow'd not fully out a third,
Of that true gaine the place might well afford
Vnto my labour? yet what was done therein?
Was that my trauell might his profit bring,
And that mine endleſſe trauell and my cares,
Might bring an end vnto his great affaires?
Well *Virgil* if thou wilt be worldly wiſe,
Let my too deare bought counſell thee aduiſe,
Thy harp, thy bookes, thy verſe with darknes ſhade,
And in thine old age learne ſome handy trade:
Or if thou hopeſt in this world to gaine,
Some office get, or to ſome Prince retaine:
For worſe plague I neare wiſh mine enemie,
Then to be famous for ſweete Poetry.
Yet this be ſure, thy liberty is loſt,
Vncertainty of place ſo deare doth coſt:
Nor thinke although thou liueſt vntill thy haire
Like flakes of ſnowie *Apenius* appeare,
Or that thy Lord as many old daies haue,
As aged *Neſtor* bore vnto his graue:
Thinke not, I ſay, that thou ſhalt euer come,
By him or by his meanes to hier rome:
Or if once tierd with ſeruitude thou pleaſe
But to looke back or turne vnto thine eaſe.

§ This was a certaine office of no great value in *Millain*, which the Cardinal beſtowed vpon him.

Bleſt

Bleſt maiſt thou be if he vouchſafe to take,
But from thee what he gaue for vertues ſake,
And ſo without more thought of iniury,
Send thee away with thred-bare charitie.
As for my ſelfe what euer he hath giuen,
If he back take and make my fortunes euen,
[h] Becauſe that *Buda* neither *Agria* I
Would ſee or follow him in *Hungarie*:
Yet I miſlike not, force makes me content,
And ſhall doe, ſince againſt me he is bent;
Although away thoſe proſperous plumes he bring,
Which euen him ſelfe did fix vnto my wing;
[i] Although he doe exclude me from all grace,
And will not ſmile on me with cheareſull face:
Although he ſay I am diſloiall proued,
Reſpectleſſe, baſe, vnworthy to be loued;
And that his publique ſpeeches doe declaime,
How much he hates my memorie and name:
Yet patience ſhall within my boſome ſit,
And thinke that I was borne to ſuffer it.
This was the reaſon that I haue remoued
My beſt obſeruance, ſince I was not loued:
Knowing it was effectles to approue,
To bring incenſed greatnes back to loue.
[k] *Rogero*, if thy royall progeny,
From their diſdaine blaſt me with obloquie,
And I from them haue nothing got, altho
Their worthy valours and braue deedes I ſhoe,
Spending my time and wit moſt ſtudiouſly,
To raiſe them tombes vnto eternity,
Then what ſhould I doe with them? tis well knowne

[h] Two famous cities in Hungarie, whereof the firſt now called *Oſen*, hath vnder the walles towards the north weſt ſide, two fountaines or ſprings rũning out of a maine hill, the one of which is paſſing cold, and yet ſauoureth of brimſtone, & the other ſo hot that one cãnot ſuffer his finger in it. The other citie called *Agria* was an Archbiſhopprick, and the Cardinall Lord thereof, where he ſtaid during the papacie of *Iulio* the ſecond, whoſe furie he feared, becauſe he had delt ſo vnnaturally & barbarouſly with his owne brother, as is ſhewed before in the generall argument. Both theſe townes now are ſubiect to the *Turke*.

[i] The Cardinall *Hypolito* was much incenſed againſt *Arioſto*, becauſe he would not follow him into Hungarie, as the reſt of his men did.

[k] The houſe of Eſta is ſaid to haue deſcended frõ *Rogero* that famous Palladine which belonged vnto *Charles* the great. This *Rogero* is reported to come from the ſtock of *Alexander* the great, his father was King of *Riza* not far from the mountaine of *Carena*, and his mother was called faire *Galacuella*, who was ſiſter vnto *Agramant* King of Africk, whoſe chiefe citie was Bizetta quite raced & deſtroied by *Charles* the great, & his Palladines. *Rogero* afterwards loſt his life through the treaſon of that notable arch-traitor *Gano*, falling into a wonderfull deepe pit, wherein he with *Gradaſſo* king of Sericano, who had maried *Rogeroes* ſiſter *Marſyza*, were moſt pitifully famiſhed to death: for which, with other horrible treaſons more, *Gano* being after taken, was torne in peeces with wild horſes.

[l] I am no falkconer, all my arte is flowne.
From ſuch light vanities, I haue not the skill,
To make my ſpaniels noſes pleaſe my will:
Nor was I euer brought vp to the ſame,
Or can there to my worſt indeauors frame:
For I am big, vnwieldy, groſe and fat,
And ſuch ſtrong motions gree not with my ſtate.
I haue no curious taſte, or eie of fire
To pleaſe the tongue or the vnchaſt deſire.
Steward nor Cater to a noble man,
I was not borne to be, I nothing can
In thoſe low offices. It had beene good,
I then had liu'd when men eate homely food.
[m] *Giſmunds* accounts, I will not on me take,
[n] Nor vnto Rome an idle iourney make,
Poſting with all my reaſons to aſſwage
The fiery heat of great *Secundus* rage.
But ſay my fortune at ſuch ods ſhould runne,
That needes by me ſuch ſeruice muſt be done:
I feare me in the buſineſſe would be found,
Dangers more great, and able to confound.
Beſides, if ſuch hard ſeruices muſt be,
And that men muſt attend with ſlauery,
[o] As doth *Arctophylax* vpon the Beare:
He that deſires to purchaſe gold ſo deere
Let him enioy it freely; for my ſelfe

[l] *Arioſto* neither loued hũting, hauking, nor much riding, for growing in yeares he became very corpulẽt, groſe and vnwieldy.

[m] This was the Cardinals Steward, meaning hee would not if he might haue his place, although he fared very daintily, for he was giuen by nature to feed meanly and groſſely.

[n] Pope *Iulio* the ſecond, intending to make warres vpon the Duke of Ferara, (whoſe brother the Cardinall *Hypolito* was) *Arioſto* was choſen as a moſt fit man to go in ambaſſadge vnto him, to pacific his wrath, which buſineſſe he managed ſo well, that he wan great reputation vpon his returne home againe, yet the aforeſaid Pope, afterward falling out again with the Duke, and euery man ſhunning the office of embaſſador, vnto him, knowing his furious & angry nature, *Arioſto* once more for the ſeruice of his Prince, and the ſafety of his country, did aduenter to take this hard enterpriſe in hand, where he had like to haue loſt his life, but that he ſecretly got away. This Pope *Iulio* was fitter to haue beene a Souldier then a Prieſt, of whom it is ſaid, that hearing he had loſt certaine of his army in the battel, apparelled himſelfe in compleat armor, & marching on the way as he came ouer Tyber, he in a great rage threw the keies of *Peter* therein, ſaying, he would ſee if the ſword of *Paul* would ſtand him in better ſteed.

[o] He alludeth a certaine ſigne in Rome, where a man is painted, waiting and attending on a Beare.

That

I will not at ſo high rate buy my wealth.
Before aduancement in ſuch ſort ſhall pleaſe,
Ile only ſtudy how to gaine mine eaſe:
Rather then cares ſhall compaſſe me about
And from my mind thruſt contemplation out:
Which though my body it enrich not right,
Yet to my mind it addes ſuch rare delight,
That it deſerueth in immortall ſtories,
To be enrold with all admired glories.
And hence it comes my pouertie I beare,
As it on earth my beſt of beſt things were.
This makes that brothel wealth I doe not loue,
Or that great name or titles do me moue:
Or any State allurements ſo adore,
That I wil ſell my libertie therefore.
This makes me neuer to deſire or craue,
What I not hope for, nor am like to haue.
Nor choler nor diſdaine doth me aſſaile,
Nor inward enuy ſhewes my count'nance pale;
Sith *Maron* or *Celio* are Lords created,
Or from low baſenes into greatnes ſlated.
Nor doe I care for ſitting at great tables,
Soothing the humors of theſe puſpaſt bables;
But hold them as the ſcum of foolery,
Whom rymers taxe in idle balladry:
That I without attendants am content,
To walke a foote, and make my ſelfe conſent
To follow mine affaires; and when I ride,
To knit my cloak-bag to my horſes ſide,
As much doth pleaſe me, as at my command,
A world of mercenary knaues did ſtand.
And ſure I thinke my ſinne is leſſe each way,
In this (for I reſpect not what men ſay.)
Then when in court I am inforſt to bribe,
And euery ſcornefull proud delay abide,
Ere our moſt lawfull ſuits vnto the Prince,

We can preferre and be diſpacht from thence,
Or ſlander honeſt titles, or ſubuert,
Right without reaſon, conſcience or deſert,
Only to ſhew our malice, or whats worſe,
(Becauſe thereon doth hang a heauy curſe)
To make poore parſons buy their tenths ſo deare,
That they are double forc't their flocks to ſheare.
Beſides, it makes me with a pure deuotion,
Thank my good God for my lowe ſafe promotiō,
And that where ere I come I this haue proued,
I liue amongſt the beſt and am beloued.
Tis knowne though I no ſeruice had, I haue
p Goods to maintaine me, and to buy a graue.
That which to me from birth and fortune came,
Is ſuch as I may boaſt without my ſhame:
But for I will not worke your too much paine,
To my firſt ſong I will returne againe,
That I no true occaſion haue to grieue,
Becauſe in your commercement I not liue.
I haue already ſtrength of reaſons ſhowne,
And yet if more ſhould be vnto you knowne,
It would be to no end, ſith I doe ſee,
That our opinious warres will not agree.
Yet with one other more I will conteſt,
Becauſe I hold it ſtronger then the reſt:
If I from my poore houſe ſhould ſtart away,
All would to wrack, I being all their ſtay.
q Of fiue of vs (all which now liuing are)
Three are remoued into Regions farre.
As *Charles*, who in that kingdome meanes to ſtay,
From whence the Turkes *Cleanthus* driue away:
Gallaſſo for a Biſhoprick in Rome,
Doth daily gape and lookes when it ſhould come.
Thou *Alexander* doſt with my Lord remaine,

p *Arioſto* being of nature deſirous to be quiet, and to be his owne man, had rather haue a ſmall thing of his owne, then to ſerue others & inioy much: for indeede his liuing was but ſmall, although he ſet a good face on the matter.

q Although *Arioſto* were his fathers eldeſt ſonne, yet he had 4 brethren more, and fiue ſiſters, & therefore his liuing could not be but ſmall, conſidering his charge. The names of his brethren were *Charles*, *Alexander*, *Galaſſo* and *Gabriel*. *Charles* was a ſoldier, & was then in Hungarie with a friend of *Arioſtos*, a captaine called *Cleanthus*, who hauing the keeping of a caſtle there, was driuen from it by the Turkes. *Alexander* was ſecretarie to the Cardinall *Hypolito*, & followed him into Hungarie: but *Gabriel* although he were borne lame, yet *Arioſto* brought him vp ſo well, as he became a reaſonable good ſchollar, and followed his booke hard, yet much inferior to his brother.

Ma-

Making thy ſeruice purchaſe of thy gaine.
Only poore *Gabriels* here: but what wouldſt thou
That he ſhould doe hereafter? or what now?
He as thou know'ſt, of hands and feete is lame,
And ſo into this wretched world firſt came.
Abroad he hath not gone, which cannot go,
Little hath ſeene, and leſſe then that doth know:
Onely at home he doth ſecurely bide.
Now he that takes vpon him for to guid
A houſe, as I haue done, muſt haue reſpect,
That they doe not the impotent neglect.
My maiden ſiſter is with me beſide,
Whoſe dowrie I am bound I ſhall prouide:
Til which I haue effected honeſtlie,
I can nor ſay nor thinke that I am free.
[r] Laſtly, th'unweildie age of mine old mother,
Doth all my other cogitations couer:
She muſt not be forſaken of vs all,
Vnleſſe to ruine wee will headlong fall.
Of tenne I am the eldeſt, and am growne
An old man full of fortie foure yeares knowne,
My head is bald, and for I ſicknes feare,
My braines to comfort, I a night cap weare.
The ſmall remainder of my life behind,
To keepe it curiouſly is all my minde.
But thou whoſe iſſue from my mothers wombe,
After me fully eighteene yeares didſt come,
Go thou and ſerue my Lord, and ſpend thy breath
In heate, in cold, in danger and to death.
Go view the world, high Duch and Hungarie,
Attending on him moſt obſequiouſly.
Serue for vs both, and where my zeale doth lack,
Make thou amends and bring my fauours back.
Who if he truly pleaſe of me to thinke,
The ſeruice I can doe him is with inke
To giue his fame large wings, not in the field,

r He was a moſt duetifull and charitable man to all his poore kindred, eſpecially vnto his old mother who liued in the houſe with him many yeares, of whō he had a moſt reuerend care and reſpect.

To proue my force, in ſuch aſſaults I yeeld.
Say vnto him, Great Lord at thy command,
My brothers ſeruices doe humbly ſtand,
Whilſt I at home with a ſhril trumpets ſound,
Will ſpread his worthy name vpon the ground;
That it ſhall goe as farre as Sea or land,
Yea and beyond the *Gadean* pillars ſtand.
To *Ariano* and *Filo* it ſhall fly,
But not ſo farre as flowes ſwift Danuby:
For my weake muſe can hardly iumpe ſo farre,
So wet (alaſſe) my feete and bodie are.
But could the glaſſe of time to me reſtore,
Thoſe fifteene yeares which I haue ſpent before,
Then would I neuer doubt but that the fire
Of my quick braine throgh all worlds ſhould aſpire.
But if he thinkes becauſe he giues to me,
Each foure monthes twenty fiue crownes for a fee:
Which penſion is not alwaies duely paid,
But many times by many humors ſtaid;
I therefore ſhall ſuch bondage to him owe,
As if I were his villaine, and not know
Ought but his will, my health and life neglect,
Enter all dangers without all reſpect:
If ſo he think, his greatnes is miſtaken,
Nor ſhall he finde my liberty forſaken.
Tel him ere ile liue in ſuch ſlauery,
Ile entertaine moſt loathſome pouerty.

Once there an Aſſe was, of his skinne and bone
So leane, that vnder them he fleſh had none,
Who ſtealing through a hole that broken was,
Into a barne well ſtuft with corne did paſſe,
Where he ſo cloid his ſtomack and his hart,
That he grew fat and full in euery part;
His bodie growne to ſuch a ſhapeles maſſe,
That like a tun his huge proportion was.
But in the end fearing if he ſhould ſtay,

His

Two cities ſtanding in the furthermoſt parts of the duke of Ferara's dominions.

A tale.

His bones too dearely for his meate ſhould pay,
Intends to iſſue forth where he came in,
But is deceiued, for why his bellies skinne,
Hath made his bulke ſo great with that he ſtole,
His head can hardly now peepe through the hole:
Nearth'leſſe he ſtriues and ſtruggles much in vaine,
Loſt is his labour and his bootelesse paine.
A little mouſe which ſpi'd him, thus did ſay,
Aſſe if from hence thou wilt thy ſelfe conuay:
Thy bodie thou muſt bring to ſuch poore caſe,
As when thou firſt didſt come into this place,
Leane and like carion muſt thy carcaſe be,
Elſe neare expect ſafe harmeleſſe liberty.
Hence I conclude, and boldly dare impart,
That if my Princely maſter from his hart,
Thinke with his gifts that he hath purchaſt me,
It ſhall not to my ſelfe ought grieuous be,
That I reſtore them back to him againe,
So I my former libertie may gaine.
Freedome I onely loue, ſince I did heare,
That men doe many times buy gold too deare.

The second Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth in his owne person that nature is contented with little, and how much a man should esteeme of his liberty. The troublesome life of Church-men, and the great miseries wherein those of the Court of Rome liue.

To his reuerend Brother G. A.

SIth mine affaires, not my desires become,
The causes why I goe to visit Rome: (Snake,
[a] When Card'nals change their skinnes like to the
And for their God doe better choices make:
Now when no dangerous sicknesses abound,
To infect mens bodies that are weake or sound,
Although a greater plague afflicts their mindes,
[b] Whilest that same wheele or *Ruota* turnes and windes:
O not that wheele, which doth *Ixion* scurge,
But that which doth in Rome so shrewdly purge
Mens purses; whilest through long & vile delaies,
Lawyers on them (As foule on carion) praies:
[c] *Gallasso* pray thee take for me (not farre
From that same place where thy commercements are,
I meane neare to that sumptuous Temple braue,
Which auncient Fathers that stout Priests name gaue,

[a] At the election of new Cardinals, and at the death of the old, the other Cardinals vse (through friendship) to exchange their first liuings for others that are better.

[b] This is one of the greatest offices belonging to the Apostolical sea, it is not much different fró the Roules here with vs in England.

[c] This was his third brother, of whom he spake in his first Satyre, he was a Church-man, and lay in Rome to get some benefice or Church liuing.

Who

Who *Malchas* eare from off his head did cleaue,
And more had done, might he haue had but leaue)
A lodging for foure beaſts: by which I meane,
[d] Account me with my man (old *Iohn*) for twaine.
The other two a *Moile* and *Gelding* is,
A tired iade, that all his teeth doth miſſe.
Let it be lightſome, but not mounting hie,
I cannot brooke this climbing to the skie.
A chimney let it haue that will not ſmoake,
For ſuch perfumes do both me blind & choake.
Of our poore iades, thou likewiſe muſt take care,
For ſhould their prouender be ſcant or bare,
Little the ſtables warmt'h would them auaile,
And in my iourney I ſhould hap to faile.
My bed and bedding of the beſt I craue,
That ſo my reſt might ſweeter quiet haue.
The matter cotten of fine wooll and thinne,
By no meanes let it be within an Inne.
My wood to burne, I would haue old and drie,
That it might dreſſe my meat conueniently.
A bit of Mutton, Biefe, or Lambe, or Veale,
For me and for my man doth full auaile.
[e] No curious Kitchin-cooke I do deſire,
With ſauce to ſet mine appetite on fire:
Making me haue a ſtomacke gainſt my will,
Or being full haue ſtill deſire to fill.
Let thoſe proud curious Artiſts vſe their braine,
To keep their pots and veſſels ſiluer cleane,
And tend on Ladies, or for recompence
[f] Striue to content *Vorranos* glutton ſence:
Whileſt I with a poore ſcullion am content,
And being cleanly, thinke him excellent.
He that by eating, ſeekes ſtill how to eate,
And makes not hunger ſauce vnto his meat,
Let him go caſt his vomit farre from me,
Ile neither hold his rule nor companie.

[d] This was his man he kept, & one that had ſerued him long his name was *Iohn de paſcia*, to whom when he died, he left halfe of all the moueables hee had, becauſe he had bin an honeſt & faithful ſeruãt vnto him

[e] Although the Poet was very carefull of his health, & very preciſe in ſmal matters yet in his diet he was very plain & groſſe, & not ouer daintie in feeding at all, as himſelfe affirmeth in the firſt Satyr.

[f] This was a noble man of Mantua, awho delighted ſo much in glutony as hee had choice and change of all ſauces for all kinds of meats, he vſed to eate the more to increaſe his appetite. Hee was ſurnamed by ſome, *Lucullus* Cookes of Mantua.

Cookes now on euery vpſtart fellow waite,
Who but erewhile did cheeſe and onions eate,
And in a ruſſet frock was glad to keep,
On barren hils his maſters flocks of ſheep;
But now (this bore) growne rich by fortunes grace,
Shames euen to heare of his firſt fortunes place.
His Pheaſants, Larks, & Blackbirds haue he muſt,
Who erſt was glad to leap euen at a cruſt:
Alwaies to feed vpon one diſh of meat,
Doth cloy his ſtomacke, and he cannot eate.
He now the wild bores taſte doth truely know,
Which vp and downe the drier mountaines goe,
From th'other which rich *Elizean* fields,
(Fatned) vnto the Roman market yeelds.
I ſeeke no water from the fountaines cleare,
But that which come from Tyber, and is neare,
So it be ſetled well and very pure;
For troubled waters hardly I endure:
For wine it skils not, yet good wine I loue,
And mixt with water many times do proue,
(Though very little) and the tauerne ſtill,
Will yeeld as much or little as I will.
The wines which grow vpon the marriſh brinke,
Vnleſſe delayed, much I neuer drinke.
The ſtrōger wine, my brain doth make the worſe
Offends my ſtomack, & my voice makes hoarſe.
What then will theſe do, which are drunke with you?
I doubt the proofe I ſhall but find too true.
g The *Corſick* wines, and thoſe of faithles *Greece*,
Nor the *Lygurian*, though all of one price,
Are not ſo vile as theſe: theſe are ſo ſtrong,
That to the beſt conceits they do much wrong.
The Frier that in his ſtudy priuate ſits,
Is with this liquor thruſt out of his wits,
The whileſt with expectation and much doubt,
The wondring people gaze and looke about.

g The wines of the Iland of Corſica, are ſo excellent good and ſtrong, as there is a prouerb in Italy of them, which is *An Corſo, vn Greco, vn Romaneſco.*

When

When he the Goſpels bleſſed truth ſhould ſhoe,
Who comes no ſooner forth, but vp doth goe
Into the pulpit with a fiery grace,
A red-roſe cheeke, and a diſtemperd face:
Making a noiſe with violence of paſſion,
And ſwearing out the ſcriptures in ſtrange faſhiõ,
Threatning ſuch iudgments, & ſuch damned fate,
That all his audience he makes deſperate.
[h] This alſo troubleth *Meſſer Moskins* head,
Whileſt he is caried drunke vnto his bed,
And Frier *Gnaling* with his company,
Faining to hate *Pennachia* mightily,
Who once but got out of their cloiſter doore,
[i] Toth' *Gorgon* or the *Æthiopian* More
They go, and there Pigeons and Capons fat,
They eate vntill they breathe and ſweat thereat:
So likewiſe vſe they, when as all alone,
They forth from their Refectorie are gone.
Prouide me bookes to paſſe thoſe houres away,
In which Romes prelates, onely feed and play.
Who once abroad, they giue a ſtrait command,
None enter at their gates in any hand:
As Friers do vſe, who bout the mid of day,
[k] (Although you ring the bell, cry loud or pray)
Yet once ſet at the table, they'le not moue,
Were it to gaine more then a Princes loue.
My Lord Ile ſay (for brother is too baſe,
Since Spaniſh complement tooke plainnes place,
And Sr. is ſent to euery bawdy houſe,
T'is now ſo common and ridiculous:
Signior I'le terme the baſeſt Raſcall now,
And making courtſie low vnto him bow)

[h] A notable drunkard, but otherwiſe a man that had good parts in him, being Steward or Baliffe vnto the Moneſtarie of Sta. *Maria, Ara Cæli*, a houſe of *Franciſcan* Friers in Rome of which couēt alſo Frier *Gnaling* was, a good ſcholler, but ouer much giuen to drinking.

[i] Two of the chiefeſt Tauerns in Rome, where moſt commonly the beſt wine and beſt victuals were, & where moſt Dutchmē reſort, when they come to the City.

[k] It is a faſhion in religious houſes, when they are once ſet at dinner or ſupper neuer to open their dore vnto any man, knocke they neuer ſo much, vntill they are riſen from the table, which order the Ieſuits obſerue more ſtrictly then any other.

For Gods ſake pray your reuerend Lord to daine
To lend his eare whileſt I of wrongs complaine.
[l] *Agora non ſe puede* will he ſay,
Es megiore, (good ſir) to go your way.
E vos torneis a la magnana. Then
If you reply vpon him freſh agen,
And ſay; yet let me trouble you once more,
Tell him I do attend him at the dore.
Then ſurely *Cerberus* growes Peacocke proud,
And this rough anſwer thunders forth aloud.
I tell thee friend, my Lord is at repoſe,
And will not troubled be with ſuters woes:
He will not ſpeake with *Peter*, *Paul* nor *Iohn*,
Nor heare the embaſſie of any one:
[m] No though his maſter *Narzareth* were here,

[l] Hee ſetteth downe the proud humour of the Spaniard when he is at his table, in his own language.

[m] This ſpeech is reported to come from Cardinal S. *George*, who being high Chamberlain vnto the Apoſtolike ſea, & a man of mighty wealth and authoritie, it hapned that the Pope (that then was) ſent one of his chiefe officers to ſpeake with him about ſome matter of importance: he being then ſet at dinner, whervpon one of the Cardinals Gentlemen told his Lord in his eare, that there was one very deſirous to ſpeake with him from his holineſſe: but he not noting any thing, made ſhew as if hee did not heare his man: whereupon the partie returned back vnto him that was at the doore, certifying him that hee had deliuered his meſſage, but his Lord ſeemed to giue no eare vnto him. Notwithſtanding this the meſſenger told him, he muſt needes ſpeake with him, and with all, vſed ſuch perſwaſions vnto him, that the yong Gentleman (although very loath) knowing his Lords cholericke nature, returned backe vnto the Cardinall, certifying him once more that the aforeſaid partie deſired very earneſtly to ſpeake with him but one word from the Pope, and that it was Mr. *Paul* Archdeacon of aint *Anaſtalens* one of the Maſters of the Chauncery: to whom Saint *George* (raiſing himſelfe vp a little in his chaire, and looking very angerly vpon his man) burſt out into theſe blaſphemous ſpeeches. Tell him I wil not ſpeak with *Paul* nor *Peter*, no nor with their maſter the Nazaret himſelf now I am ſet at dinner. The Gentleman hearing ſuch a terrible ſhot diſcharged at his eare made haſte to report the ſame to the Archdeacon, who was walking vp and downe before the doore to coole himſelfe, who hearing the Cardinals anſwere, made the ſigne of the croſſe and bleſſed himſelfe, ſaying, it may well be that Saint *George* who is a Souldiers rough companion, and one that wanteth manners might ſend ſuch good an anſwere: But *I* am ſure, Chriſt himſelfe would neuer haue ſent ſo plaine a meſſage vnto his holineſſe, and therevpon he departed.

He

He would not daine to moue out of his chaire.
And therefore thou nor manners haſt nor ſhame,
Thy ſuits at ſuch vnfitting times to frame.
But had I *Linx* his eies on them to prie,
As with my minds eies I them full eſpy,
Or were they but tranſparant like to a glaſſe,
That through their inmoſt thoughts my ſight might paſſe:
Such deedes I then (perhaps) ſhould ſee them act
Within their priuy chambers: that the fact
Would giue them iuſter cauſe themſelues to hide,
From heauens ſunne, then any man beſide.
But they in time I hope will quite forſake
This loathed life, and better vertues take.
This as an Item is to their tranſgreſſion,
To ſhew I wiſh and pray for their conuerſion.
But ſure I am, thou longſt to know why I
Deſire to viſit Rome thus ſpeedily.
[u] Well, I will tell thee: Tis becauſe I ſeeke
A liuing ſmall by patent ſafe to keep:
An office tis, which I in *Millan* hold,
(Although but ſmal) yet more then loſe I would:
[o] And to prouide S[t]. *Agaps* parſonage,
I might poſſeſſe if th'old Prieſt worne with age,
And much expence of time, ſhould hap to die,
During the time, my fortunes there ſhould lie.
Thou wilt ſuppoſe I runne into the net,
Which I was wont to ſay, the diuell did ſet
To catch thoſe fooles, whoſe ouer burning hearts
Swallowes their makers bloud without deſarts:
But tis not ſo, my thoughts did ne're agree,
To loue this cure or callings ſoueraginty:
My meaning is, the liuing to beſtow,
On ſuch a one as mine owne thoughts doe know
Fit for the ſame, for his liues grauity,
His learning, manners, vertue, honeſty.

[u] This office I ſpake of before, was giuen him by the Cardinal, which he ſought to get during his own life by patent from the Pope, the ſame being one of the chief occaſions why he would lie a while in Rome.

[o] S[t]. *Agaps* is a Church in Rome, not far from the Piſcaria or Fiſh-market, the reuerſion of which benefice, *Arioſto* was offred, although he would not accept thereof, as you may read a litle after.

p To be a ſacred Prieſt I will not proue,
Cope, Rochet, Surplice, nor a Stole I loue:
Nor will I haue a ſhau'd anointed crowne,
Or weare the ring which Biſhops do renowne.
In vaine I go about to take a wife,
If I ſhould aime at a religious life:
Or hauing taken one but to ſuppoſe,
That for the Church t'were fit my wife to loſe:
But both theſe callings are of ſuch deſart,
That albe I adore them in my heart:
Yet when I thinke how full they are of care,
Of neither (with reſolue) I venture dare.
Prieſt-hood and mariage, who ſo doth obtaine,
Saue but by death, no freedome can attaine.
But here (perhaps) thou maieſt demand of me,
My reaſons fault and inſufficiency:
Wherefore ſo great a burthen I do take,
Ane inſtantly the ſame away do ſhake,
Seeking to giue mine honours to another.
Well though thy ſelfe, my friends & euery other,
Shall blame, nay hate me, ſith I doe let go,
And will not take my fortunes when they floe;
Yea ſince at bounties hands Ile not accept
The gifts of greatneſſe, but doe all neglect,
To ſhriue my ſoule to thee, and ſhew the cauſe,
Which me to ſuch a courſe of follie drawes:
q Tis thus. The old prieſt hauing vnderſtood,
By the beſt friend both to his age and bloud:
That vnderhand his death was cloſely wrought,
By one that for his holy liuing ſought,
Fearing by poiſon to be made away,
He ſends for me, and humbly doth me pray:

p Two things our Poet reuerenced, and would often cõmend them, the one was Prieſt-hood, & the other Mariage, and yet he liked neither of them both.

q *Arioſto* was a man of ſo good a conſcience, That a certaine old Prieſt, hauing a fat benefice, called S. *Angello*, in the Piſcaria in Rome of which wee but now ſpake, and being in doubt to be poyſoned, for greedineſſe of the ſame, by ſome of his neereſt kindred who thought to haue had the next Aduowſon thereof, had ſo good an opinion of the honeſty of *Arioſto*, as he offred to reſigne the ſame vnto him, during his life, & to ſoiourne with him rather then with any of his own friends. *Arioſto* in ſome ſort accepted of his kind proffer, perſwading him to reſign it vnto one of his brethren, becauſe he liked not (as I told you before) to be a Churchmã, which whẽ he could not by any meanes bring the old Prieſt vnto, he thẽ got him to beſtow it vpõ another honeſt mã fit for the place.

That

That I into the open court would come,
And there take reſignation of his roome:
Thinking this meanes to be the onely beſt,
By which his life might in moſt ſafetie reſt.
I thankt him for it, yet did all I could,
That he to thee or *Alexander* would,
(Whoſe nature in no oppoſition ſtands,
With holy orders or with holy hands)
His right and intreſt paſſe, but t'would not be,
Nor to my motions would his ſenſe agree.
Nor you, nor his owne kindred would he truſt,
But (like himſelfe) thought all men were vniuſt:
Onely my ſelfe aboue a world he choſe,
And on my faith did all his truſt repoſe:
But when I ſaw from him I could not haue it
To doe you good; vnto a third I gaue it.
Many I know will me condemne therein,
Sith (careleſſe) I refuſe ſuch good to winne.
The rather, ſith preferment in it is,
Whoſe pathes who treads can neuer honor miſſe.
r Thoſe poore religious wormes ſcarſe profitable,
Simple, vnlearned, weake, vnfit, vnable,
Baſe and deſpiſ'd, contem'd of greateſt part,
Haue got on beſt deſerts ſo much the ſtart.
As greateſt kings are glad they may adore them,
And bleſt is he that moſt may fall before them.
But who ſo holy or ſo wiſe hath beene,
As in his life no fortune hath ore ſeene?
Either in little or in much I know,
Theres none that can himſelfe ſo perfit ſhoe.
Each man his humor hath, and this is mine,
f Before I will my libertie reſigne,
The richeſt hat in Rome I would refuſe,
Though King or Cardinall they ſhould me chuſe.
What good to me is got by higheſt place,
Or at the Table to receiue moſt grace?

r He taxeth religious men, who vnder the colour of humility are growne ſo proud, as the greateſt monarchs are glad to humble themſelues vnto them.

f He priſeth his libertie at a higher rate then to be the wealthieſt Cardinall in all Rome.

If thence I riſe no better ſatisfi'd,
Then he which in the meaneſt rome doth bide:
So though my head with waight downe burdned be,
Of miters ſtor'd with pretious Iewelrie,
What doth it me auaile, if for all this
True ioy and quietnes of minde I miſſe?
Let others thinke it a beatitude,
That they are ſought vnto, obſeru'd and ſu'd,
That armies of attendants doe them grace,
Treading their ſteps through euery publike place,
Whilſt all the people with aſtoniſht eies,
Stare to behold their flattred maieſties.
Yet I ſuppoſe them idle vanities,
Yea worſe, euen worſt of earthly miſeries.
I am ſo fooliſh mad, that oft I ſay,
In brothel Rome the Lord is euery way,
More ſlaue then is his ſlaue, man to his man;
And tis moſt true, deny it who ſo can.
The bondage wherein ſeruingmen do ſtand,
Is barehead to obey each ſlieght command,
To run or ride with him, which once expir'd,
There nothing elſe is at his hands required.
This being done, he may go where he pleaſe,
Frolick or game, reuell or reſt at eaſe.
t Only his care is, that at euerie leaſure,
He cannot ſee his wench, or haue that pleaſure.
Elſe as he liſt, he may go ſport about,
Either with company or elſe without.
On foote or horſeback (if he money haue)
Be ciuill, or elſe ſwagger like a knaue.
In market, in the Tauerne, in Th'exchange,
Or in the brothell if he liſt to range.
Cloathes he may weare, of cullers light or darke,
Go as he pleaſe; he is not enuies marke,
None take exception gainſt him, he may go
Naked, if naked he himſelfe wil ſhoe;

t In Rome euery baſe fellowe hath his miſtres, which he keepeth *Ala poſta*, as they terme it.

Where-

Whereas his Lord (becauſe he will haue place,
To ſuit his ranke, and giue his glories grace)
Doth leaue the ſafer ſeate, and though he gaine
More honor, yet doth leſſer wealth retaine.
With profit leſſe, and yet with greater charge,
He ſteares the helme in vaine expences barge.
Many he feedes, ſith many on him tend,
Though his reuenues are but ſmall to ſpend:
For count his firſt fruits with his bribes and all,
Many yeares profits doe to ruine fall.
Adde vnto this, how he in debt doth ſtand,
For furniſhing his houſe at ſecond hand.
His gifts to courtiers (but in courteſie)
Chiefly to that great patron *Simonie*,
Who is his chiefeſt ſaint and aduocate,
Becauſe he beſt doth know his purſes ſtate.
But all the ſport is, when his holineſſe
Sends to imploy him in ſome ſeriouſnes.
O then, if any of his followers miſſe,
He cannot go, the way forbidden is.
If that his coach be not in ſight at hand,
Or if his moiles doe not moſt ready ſtand,
If any thing be orderleſſe diſplac't,
He rages ſtraight, his honor is diſgrac't:
If one rude wrinckle in his gowne be found,
Tis to his place more then a deadly wound:
His ſeruants muſt in comely equipage,
March two and two according to their age:
When if the baſeſt groome in all his traine,
His very ſcullion but behind remaine,
He ſweares as though he gaue the world this tuch,
That hee's diuine, he nameth God ſo much.
Out doth he cry he is diſcredited,
If by ſuch ſlaues he be not followed.
On no Euangeliſt he now doth looke,
(Good man) his age cannot indure his booke.

Onely

Onely he doth deuiſe how he may ſpend
Little; and how his liuing he may mend,
To draw the bowe too farre, breakes it in twaine,
And thriftie ſparing is the Lord of gaine.
I will not ſay but diuers there may be,
That haue both offices and lands in fee.
Who liue at harts eaſe farre beyond the beſt,
Free from diſturbance, tumult or vnreſt:
Nor horſe, nor beaſt, nor man he ſcarſly keepes,
Whilſt with a full purſe he ſecurely ſleepes:
But there are fewe of thoſe, for in theſe daies,
He's bleſt that liues content with his owne eaſe;
Now he thats plum'd with ſterne ambitious wings,
And vp to heauen his cogitations flings,
He neuer with his owne eſtate is pleaſed,
But ſhapes newe ſcales by which he will be raiſed;
From Biſhop ſtraight he hath a wiſhfull hope
To climbe to be the ſecond next the Pope:
When he hath that got will he then be quiet?
No; for his ſtomack muſt haue choicer diet.
He now aimes at the ſeate Pontificall,
To tread on kings, on Emperours and all;
But when he hath obtaind this bleſſed chaire,
Will he be pleaſed then and free from care?
Neither: for now his children and his friends
To places of great honor he commends;
When he was poore he ſcarſe was knowne to any,
Now beeing Pope he is a kin to many:
Yet from the Epyrots, nor from the Greeke,
To giue them kingdomes doth he euer ſeeke,
Neither of Africk nor of Barbarie
Plotteth to giue them any ſoueraigntie;
Nor will he ſtriue to pull the Pagans downe,
And to impale his kinſmen with their crowne,
To purchaſe which all *Europe* is at hand,
Furniſht with men and money at command,

Whilſt

Whilſt he but acts what doth to him belong?
Weakning the Turks, making the Chriſtians ſtrong.
He rather ſeekes by trechery and art,
The noble *Colonneſſi* to ſubuert,
Or to extirp *Urſinos* princely name,
x To gaine all *Talliacorzos* worthy fame;
As from the other he got Paleſtine,
By royall policie ſurnamd diuine:
Whilſt in the mean time drunk with Chriſtian blood,
He ſits and triumphs in his ample good,
Some he ſees ſtrangled, ſome their heads do loſe,
And euery thing quite topſie turuie goes.
Nor will he ſticke to giue all Italie,
A pray to France, to Spaine or Germany;
And making a confuſion of each thing,
y It ſhall go hard but one halfe he will bring
Vnto his baſtard blood, nor doth he care
Tho th'other part fall to the Diuels ſhare.
Then flies abroad excommunications,
Like vollies of great ſhot, in ſtrangeſt faſhion:
Then roares the buls worſe then the Baſan hoſt,
Whilſt Belles and bookes and candles curſes boſt.
Hence Indulgence and pardons haue beene found,
To be of warres the inſtruments and ground.
z From hence with gold the bearded muffe is preſt,
Of all his valures power to ſhoe the beſt.
Sons the drunken Dutchman, who for pay,
Is hir'd in right or wrong or any way: (fight,
Theſe muſt haue gold (without which thei'le not
And all this charge doth on the ſubiect light.
Oft haue I heard (and doe beleeue the ſame)
By thoſe which know the trueth of euery fame:
That neither Biſhop, no nor Cardinall,
Nor yet the Pope, who is the head of all,

x The names of the two cheſeſt and moſt antient houſes of the Colonneſſi & the Vrſini.

y Here *Arioſto* is very plaine with the Popes & their kindred.

z The gentlemen of Italie for the moſt part keepe no table for their followers as they doe here in England, but hire them by the months, giuing them ſo many crownes euery foure weekes as they agree vpon, & euery morning they come into their maſters hall, where they haue certaine equall allowance of bread and wine, which (God knowes) is but courſe and ſmall, euery one ſeuerally to himſelfe, and that is all he ſhall haue for that day.

Had euer money to ſupply their want,
But that the end grew niggardly and ſcant.
But let this go, times now are at ſuch paſſe,
That though one be a foole, a dolt, an aſſe,
Baſe of conditions, and (if't may be) worſe,
Yet if he haue a well fild heauie purſe
He may doe what he liſt, nor neede he care
What others of his actions ſhall declare:
Yet thoſe which hoard moſt, and haue moſt to giue,
Moſt commonly moſt wretchedly doe liue.
Witneſſe the ſtarued houſhold, who with griefe
Complaine their ruines, yet find no reliefe.
The more the wealthy wittie courtier holds,
The leſſe vnto the worlds eie he vnfolds.
Of foure parts of his liuing, three he will
Be ſure (all charges borne) to coffer ſtill.
[a] A mans allowance or of bread or biefe,
Is halfe a pound of either for reliefe:
And that (God knowes) is either tough or cruſty,
Or hardly mans meate, being old and muſty.
Now as his bread and fleſh is of worſt ſort,
So thinke his drinke deſerues as vile report,
Either it is like vineger moſt tarte,
Or Raſor-like it makes the pallat ſmart:
Either in taſte or reliſh tis ſo ſmall,
That it hath loſt both colour ſtrength and all.
Or to be breefe, in ilnes tis beyond
The puddle water or the ſtinking pond:
[b] Yet had a man ſufficiency of foode,

a Some great eſtates there are in Italie, as Barrons and Biſhops that keepe a table for their followers, but their cheare with their bread and wine, is ſo bad as it doth them little good, and the rather becauſe they can neuer eat their bellies full, for the ſteward ſitting at the table, aſſoone as euer he holdeth vp his white ſtaffe, (which is the ſigne of his office) ſtraight the cloth is taken vp, & they are forct to riſe frō the board, when oftētimes they haue not halfe eaten what would ſatisfie nature, & this is the cauſe inſtead of ſaying grace, that they fall a curſing when they leaue the table. b The Swizzers or Muffes are thoſe people which the antient Hiſtoriographers (as *Ceſar* & others) call Heluetians, they haue their habitations in the moſt high hils of Iura, named S. Claude, they are a race of men naturally warlik & rude, & for the ſterrillitie of their country more giuen to graſing then to tillage. They are free of thēſelues, ſometimes they were vnder the Duke of Auſtria, & now are ſubiect vnto no Prince, but liue of themſelues. They are diuided into thirteene cōminalties, called Cantons, & wil be hired of any Prince for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong they neuer reſpect the ſame, ſo they be well paid, and haue their pay truely.

And

And at his pleaſure drinke to doe him good:
Though they were homely and indifferent,
His griefwere leſſe,and time much better ſpent:
But both beeing bad, and of that bad no ſtore,
Needs muſt the hart break or elſe couet more.
But thou wilt ſay,a ſeruant that is wiſe,
Will beare with this and ſmoothly temporiſe,
Becauſe that ſcale which raiſeth vp his Lord,
Doth ſome aduancement to him ſelfe afford,
And as the maſter mounts the man ſhall riſe,
If with diſcretion he his wrongs diſguiſe.
But ſuch like fortunes are not generall,
For they like blazing comets ſeldome fall.
Honors change maners,new Lords makes new lawes
And all ther ſeruants to their purpoſe drawes.
Old ſeruants like old garments are caſt by,
When new adorne them with more maieſtie.
Seruice is no inheritance we know,
For he and beggerie in one baſe ranke doe go.
A chamberlen,a ſteward and a caiter,
A ſecretarie,a caruer,and a waiter,
Thy Lord muſt haue to beautifie his daies,
When thine age can ſupply not one of theſe.
Then maiſt thou thinke that thou art highly loued,
If from his ſeruice thou art not remoued:
Tis well for thee if thou canſt find that grace,
To liue as thou haſt done ſtill in one place.
A liuery once a yeare,and nobles foure,
Is a braue price for ſeruing til foure ſcore:
And then tis ten to one that beg thou muſt,
Therefore vnto thy ſelfe, not others truſt.
How rightly ſpake that honeſt Mulitar,
When comming into Rome from regions farre,
He in the euening heard as he did paſſe,
That his owne Lord for Pope elected was.
Ah (quoth the ſlaue)to ſpeake vnpartiall,

Twas beſt with me when he was Cardinall,
My labour then was little or elſe none,
Hauing but two poore moiles to looke vpon.
Now ſhall my toile be double or elſe more,
And yet my wages paid worſe then before.
If any think becauſe my Lord is Pope,
That I on great aduancements ground my hope,
Let him but giue me one chicken or leſſe,
And all my rafures he ſhall full poſſeſſe.
No no, the wealthier that the Maſter proues,
So much the leſſe his oldeſt ſlaues he loues.

The Tale.

In Naples where Nobility doth flowe,
(Though little wealth doth with their greatnes goe)
There was of good deſcent a prettie Lad,
That from his tender yeares ſtill followed had
A Lordly caualier, who promiſd him
(As courtiers breathes can ſmoothly ſpeak & trim)
That he no ſooner ſhould aduanced be,
To any place of worth or dignitie,
But that his page ſhould riſe as he did mount.
And for the youth had ſpent the firſt account
Of his liues glory, ſith ſince he preſumed
Vpon this hope, full thirtie yeares conſumed,
His Lord now bids him be of merrie cheare,
For nothing that he held ſhould be too deare.
The honeſt ſeruant thinking all was gold
Shind in ſuch words, himſelfe content doth hold.
Now whilſt the hungry maſter and the man,
Gazd to behold which way preferments ranne;
It hapt the Naples king (through ſome requeſt)
Him of his priuie chamber did inueſt.
No ſooner was he in his wiſht for roome,
But he forgot his auntient truſty groome,
And prided with his fate now entertaines,
New gallants with braue cloathes and better meanes.
His old true page was in obliuion throwne,

And

And nought ſaue noueltie was to him knowne.
Which he perceiuing, taking time and place,
Vnto his Lord he breakes his heauy caſe,
Humbly intreats him that he would remember
His honeſt ſeruice, and ſome merit render
To his expence of time, and waſted ſtore,
As he with earneſtneſſe had vowd before.
To whom the ſurly *Neopolitan*,
Taking him ſharply vp, thus briefe began:
Fellow, the world is chang'd from that it was,
When I was ſcarce my ſelf, thē thou mightſt paſſe
And ranke with my dependants: but as now
Thou canſt not do it, nor may I allow
Thy baſenes ſo high place, ſith it is fit,
My men be of more meanes, more doome & wit.
Yet neretheleſſe ſince thou haſt ſeru'd me long,
And that I will not do thy labours wrong,
Countnance, but no reward thou ſhalt poſſeſſe,
Sith thou art old, and euen ſeruiceleſſe.
The honeſt man being gald thus impiouſly,
Returnes his Lord (with griefe) this ſhort reply.
Could I your beſt imploiments ſerue before,
When (ſaue my ſelfe) you kept no creature more?
And now that you haue many, may not I
My place with as great diligence ſupply?
Hath all my practiſe and experience
Brought me no wit, but tane away my ſenſe.
Now when my paines expected their aduance,
Muſt my reward be nought but countenance?
Haue I conſum'd my liues beſt floures with you,
My youth and manhood, to reap this poore due?
But youle abandon me I do perceiue.
Well, me you ſhall not, for tis you ile leaue.
Nor you, nor others, nor no time ſhall ſay,
You me diſchargd. Loe I put you away.
No greater plague can hang on ſeruitude,

" Then to be chaind, to baſe ingratitude.
And here withal away poore ſoule he went,
Mourning his ſeruice, and his time miſſpent.
By this true ſtory wit may plainely ſee,
What ſeruants are, and what theſe Courtiers be.
" Youth ſpēt in Court, oft brings age to poore ſtate
" Paſt ſeruice, paſt reward, that's ſeruants fate.
I rather would be king of mine owne graue,
Then vnto greateſt greatneſſe be a ſlaue.
" To liue of others lendings is moſt baſe,
" In Court to daunce attendance is diſgrace.
I like not priſon muſicke, nor ſuch mirth,
Free was I borne, free will I liue on earth.
" He is truely rich that hath ſufficiene,
" And hating enuy liueth with content.
Yet libertie exceedes the gaine of wealth,
And therefore I will onely ſerue my ſelfe.

The third Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

In this Satyre (as in the other before) hee condemneth the seruice of the Popes Court, grieueth that the promises made vnto him by Leo *(the tenth of that name) were not performed: sheweth the discontentments that arise by gathering together of riches. And lastly enueigheth against the couetousnesse and wicked lines of the Roman Courtiers.*

SInce (a noble *Hanibal*) thou wil'st me write,
How I of Duke *Alphonsos* seruice like:
Or whether hauing laid old burthens by,
New waights presse on my back as heauily:
Or if they lighter be, for I do know,
If you shall heare creations of new woe,
Proceed from my complaints, you will conceiue,
That I am barbarous, and vnto me cleaue
Vlcers which will not heale, or like a iade,
That I am dull, though nere so much of made)
Then to speake freely with infranchis'd mind,

Written to the Lord *Hanibal*. M.

a This *Hanibal Mallaguzo* was a noble man of Regio, a City in Lumbardy, belonging vnto the Dukedome of Ferara, and kinsman vnto *Arioſto*, whose mother was of that house.

b After the death of Cardinall *Hypolito*, *Alphonso* Duke of Ferara, allured *Arioſto* by all the meanes he could, vnto his court, vsing him more like a companion then a seruant, offring him diuers offices of preferments to allure him to serue in ordinarie, which with much ado he was content to do, & which he did rather for his countries sake, & by reason of the loue he bare vnto the place where he was borne, then for any great gaine he got by following of him, as he himselfe setteth downe in his Satyre.

c Both

[c] Meaning that hee is diſcontented as much with following the Duke as he was with belonging vnto the Cardinall his firſt Lord & maſter

[c] Both of my burthens, I like heauy find,
And thinke I had bin bleſt, if vnto neither
I had beene ſubiect, ſith I loſe by either.
Say then (ſince I haue broke my backe with all,
Like a good Aſſe, thats laden till he fall)
Say that my ſpirits heauy dull and ill,
Say both in ieſt and earneſt what you will:
Yet when you haue ſaid what you liſt or can,
I will ſpeake truth, and be an honeſt man.
But had I plaid the paricide or ſlaue,
And brought my father to an early graue,

[d] Regio is a City (as I ſaid before) ſubiect vnto Ferara, it was firſt built by *Marcus Lepidus* one of the Triumuerats of Rome.

[d] In wealthy *Regio*, or but that haue thought,
Which *Iupiter* againſt great *Saturne* wrought:
Onely that I alone within my hand,
Might hold his wealth, his liuing and his land:
Which now mongſt brothers & mongſt ſiſters be
Diuided into ten parts equally:
I nere had plaid the foole as did the frog,
That for the Stork, did change his kingly clog:
Nor had I wandred to ſeeke forth my fate,
Or crept for fauour to each great eſtate.
I had not learnt the Apes duck with my head,
Nor crooked cringging curtſie ſhould me ſtead.
But ſince I was not borne heire to my ſire,
Nor that his lands fell vnto me entire.

[e] Meaning he was but poore, conſidering the great charge he had, for the Aſtronomers hold opinion, that he which is borne vnder that planet, ſhall be very rich and wealthy.

[e] Since I perceiue that ſubtill *Mercury*,
Was neare my friend, but rather enemie:
And that (againſt my will) I am nereth'leſſe
Compeld to liue on others bounteouſneſſe:
I thinke it better, that I do retaine
Vnto the Duke, and be of his great traine:
Then to a lower fortune make my moane
Although my meanes and riſings are all one,
Hardly ſo much, as his who is moſt poore,
And askes the miſers almes from dore to dore.
Few I do know are of my thoughts or mind

And fewer of mine humours I do find.
Moſt thinke to be a Courtier is moſt braue,
I ſay a Courtier is a glorious ſlaue.
Let ſuch be Courtiers, as by Courts can riſe,
To me they are bright ſuns, and blind mine eies,
Farre wil I liue aloofe from theſe great fires,
If ſtrength of fortune ſtrengthen my deſires.
Neuer one ſaddle one each horſe we place,
Nor doth one garment euery body grace.
Beaſts are not for one vſe ingenerall,
For ſome we ſee beare much, ſome nought at all.
The cage is to the Nightinglale a hell,
The Thruſh and Black-bird both do loue it well
The Robin red-breſt rob'd of libertie,
Growes ſad and dies with inward melancholy.
Who ſeekes to be a Cardinall or Knight,
And that great honours on his houſe may light,
Let him go ſerue the Pope or ſome great King,
Whil'ſt I liue ſafe, and hunt no ſuch vaine thing.
I am as well contented with the meat,
Which (though but groſſe) in mine own houſe I eate:
And thinke a carrot root doth taſt as well,
Which doth of vineger or pepper ſmell:
As if of foule or fiſh, or other bables,
I had euen glewd my ſelfe to graet mens tables.
And I as well can reſt my drowſie head,
Vpon a quilke, as on a downie bed:
And vnder rugs, as much ſafe quiet hold,
As vnder Turkie workes, Arras or gold.
Rather had I at home ſtay with my reſt,
Saue my poore skin from ſcars, & know me bleſt,
Then vaunt that I had ſeene the India land,
Or frozen Scythia, or the Æthiop ſtrand.
So many men, ſo many mindes we ſay,
Each one delighting in his ſeuerall way,
Some will religious be, ſome marſhall bent,

Some trauell, ſome at home liue with content,
Yet he thats pleaſ'd to be a traueller,
Let him behold each country far and neere:
Rich Fraunce, ſweet England, fruitfull Germany,
Proud Spain, Greece ſpoild with Turkiſh tirany.
As for my ſelfe, at home Ile liue alone,
And like no country better then mine owne.
Yet haue I ſeene how Lumbardy doth ſtand,
And all Romania, and the Tuſcan land.
Beſides, that mountaine mightie huge & tall,
Which locks vp Italy as in a wall,
And both thoſe Oceans beating on each ſide,
I haue beheld, and yet no danger tride.
And this contents me well, for other coſt,
Or greater trauels whence mine eaſe is loſt.
I can with *Ptolomie* behold them all,
In euery ſort, vnile or ſeuerall.
All ſeas I likewiſe can behold and ſee,
(Without vow making in extremitie,
When heauē threats, with ſpeaking thūder claps)
More ſafely in our moderne painted maps,
Then when I ſhall a rotten veſſell enter,
And my poore life to certaine danger venter,
The Dukes ſeruice, I take it as it is,
Which if't be good, tis better much by this.
In that he ſeldome from his Court doth part,
And ſo is friend to ſtudy and to art.
Nor doth he ſeeke to draw me from that place,
Where my lodg'd heart doth liue in its beſt grace
But now me thinkes I ſee you all this while,
How at my words and reaſons you do ſmile.
Saying, that it is neither countries loue
Nor ſtudy, which incites me not to moue.
But tis my Mrſ. eye that onely blinds me,
And in theſe euerlaſting loue-knots binds me.
Well, I confeſſe the truth, tis ſo indeed,
(And then confeſſion, better proofes not need)

Tis

Tis moſt true, I liſt not to contend,
Or any falſhood with my ſword defend,
What ere the reaſon be, I ſtirre not out,
Or like a pilgrime walke the world about.
It is ſufficient that it doth me pleaſe,
Nor would I other haue themſelues diſeaſe
About mine actions, ſince my ſelfe knowes beſt,
Why I do heere with homely quiet reſt.
Some will obiect, and in their wiſedom ſay,
That if to Rome I had kept on my way:
And aim'd at Church promotions, I might then
Haue farre exceeded many other men:
So much the rather, as I was approued,
[f] To loue the Pope, and was of him beloued:
As hauing of his firſt acquaintance beene,
Long ere he had his daies of glory ſeene:
Which came to him for vertue, or through chance
And therefore reaſon he ſhould me aduance.
Yea long before the Florentines ſet ope,
Their gates to entertaine him, or that hope.
[g] Moued worthy *Iulian* his ennobled brother,
In *Vrbins* Court, his loſſes to recouer.
[h] Where with learnd *Bembo*, and *Caſtilian* ſage,
Apollos haire, flowers of that formall age,
He ſpent the daies of his firſt baniſhment,
In great delight of thought and hearts content.
And after when this ſubtill *Medicy*
Ouer their Country vſ'd his tirany.

[f] This was Leo the 10. a Florentine born of the houſe of Medices, and was of familiar acquaintance with *Arioſto*.

[g] *Iulian di Medices*, and *Peter* were brethren to Pope *Leo* the 10. who made the foreſaid *Iulian* Duke of Nemours, & maried him to the Lady *Philibert* of Sauoy, aunt to *Francis* the French King, the firſt of that name. This man before his brother was Pope, being baniſhed with the reſt of thier family, out of Florẽce were entertained with great kindnes by *Frãceſco Maria*, duke of Vebin, who in their exile did thẽ al the honors that might be, notwithſtãding al which curteſies, *Leo* cõing to be Pope moſt vnkindly draue the aforſaid duke out of his coũtry at the perſwaſiõs of *Alphonſina*, mother to his Nephew *Laurence*, on whõ he beſtowed the dukedom, who did cõtinue in the ſame vntil *Adrian* the 6. that ſucceeded *Leo*, expulſed him, & reſtored *Frãceſco Maria* the true owner to the eſtate a gain, who enioyed it vntil he died, being the ſpace of 16. yeares, in ſo great reputation, that all the Princes of Italy both loued & honored him, to many of which he was entertained as Generał in their wars, but he was ſo great a builder, & ſo liberal to his Souldiers, that when he died he left no money behind him.

[h] *Bembo* was borne in a Caſtel in Lumbardy, called *Arralano*, he was an excellent Poet & Orator, he was Secretary to Pope Leo the 10. and at laſt was created Cardinal, he died in Padoa, his monument being in S. *Franciſſes* Church, in the City where hee lieth buried by *Caſtilian*, he meaneth Count *Balthaſar Caſtilian* who made that excellent peece of worke called the Courtier.

When the Gonfalconer forſooke the Court,
Leauing his place, his honours and his port,
Till *Leo* vnto Rome did make repaire,
And was inſtalled in S^t. *Peters* chaire.
In all which time, to none he ſhewd ſuch grace
As vnto me, whom he did euer place
Next to himſelfe, affirming I and none
Was elſe his friend and beſt companion:
So that in ranke of fauour, I alone,
Stood ſtill vnſeconded of any one.
Beſides, when he as Legat firſt did paſſe
To Florence, this his proteſtation was:
That I as deerely in his fauour ſtood,
As did his brother, or his beſt of blood.
Theſe circumſtances well conſidered,
And euery fauour rightly ordered,
Though ſome of little value wil eſteeme them,
Yet others of more better price may deeme them.
And thinke if I would daine to Rome to goe,
And to his holineſſe my fortunes ſhoe:
Doubtleſſe I might obtaine for recompence,
Any faire ſuit of worthy conſequence.
And that at my firſt motion or requeſt,
A Biſhopricke were granted at the leaſt.
But they which think, ſuch great things ſo ſoone got,
With iudgement nor with knowledge reckon not.
And therefore with a pretty hiſtory,
I will to ſuch men giue a ſhort reply:
Which hath in writing put me to more paine,
Then any man in reading ſhall attaine.
Long ſince, there was a ſcortch Sommer ſeene, A tale.
Which burnt the parcht earth with his beames ſo keene:
That it was thought *Phœbus* once more had giuen
His Chariot to his baſtard to be driuen.

i The Medicy hauing gotten the Emperours army, (who then was in Italy) to repoſe them in Florence, and to cal them home into their City againe, diuers of the Citizens were againſt it, eſpecially *Peter Soderine*, who was then Gonfalconer, which (was the chiefe officer of that City) but in the end they were inforced to admit them, and the aforeſaide *Peter* glad to leaue his authority, and hardly eſcaped with life from out the palace, at what time, (not long after) what by faire meanes of *Leo* the tenth their kinſman, and afterwards by fauour of *Charles* the fift. they ſeazed vpon the whole eſtate, and after got to be abſolute Princes thereof, as at this day they are.

For euery plant and hearb was dead and dride,
Nor any greenes on the ground was ſpide.
No fountaine, ſpring nor poole, or low or hie,
But had his veines ſtopt vp and now ſtood drie:
So that through riuers, chanels and great lakes,
Men their long iourneies ſafely dry-ſhod takes.
In this hot time a wealthy ſwaine did liue,
(Or rather ſtile of poore I may him giue)
Who had great ſtore of cattell and of ſheepe,
But wanted moiſture them aliue to keepe,
Who hauing long ſearcht euery hopeful ground,
(Althogh in vaine) where moiſture migh be foūd:
He now inuokes that God omnipotent,
(Whoſe eares on faithful orizons are bent)
And he by inſpiration in a dreame,
Grants eaſe vnto his griefes that were extreame:
Telling him that not farre from that dry land
Within a certaine valley nere at hand,
He ſhould ſuch ſtore of wholſome water finde,
As ſhould giue eaſe and comfort to his minde.
The ſwaine at this, takes children and his wife,
And all his wealth (the ſecond to his life)
Leaues neither ſlaue, nor houſhold ſtuffe behind,
But haſts the bleſſed vallies help to find;
Where he no ſooner came, but in the ground
He cauſd to dig, and water did abound.
But now he wants wherewith to take it vp,
And therefore is inforc't to vſe a cup,
A little cup, whoſe little quantitie,
Hardly did ſerue one draught ſufficiently.
Which as he held, he ſaid, now my hot thirſt
Ile coole, ſith it is reaſon I be firſt.
The next draught doth vnto my wife belong,
Next to my children (if I doe not wrong:)
When they haue done, my ſeruants ſhall begin,
Each as his merit and deſert doth winne.

And as they haue beſtird themſelues with paine,
To make this well, from whence this good we gaine.
This ſaid, he then vpon his cattel thought,
The beſt whereof, he meanes ſhal take firſt draught:
And thoſe which leaneſt were ſhould be the laſt,
He thus his damage and his profit caſt)
When euery thing was ordred in this faſhion,
He taſts the water firſt and cooles his paſſion,
Next him his wife, his children followed than,
(As he had made the lawe) man after man.
Now euery one fearing the waters loſſe,
Began to preſſe about him, and to croſſe.
His fellowes merit where moſt worth was caſt,
All would be firſt, none willingly the laſt.
When this a little parret had ſuruaid,
With whom this wealthy ſhepheard often plaid,
And had in times paſt made it all his ioy,
Taking delight onely with it to toy.
And when it wel had vnderſtood their ſtrife,
It clamord forth, ah woe is my poore life.
I nor his ſonne, nor of his ſeruants am,
Nor for to dig this well I hither came:
Nor can I either profit to him bring,
Then fooliſh mirth, and idle wantoning.
And therefore muſt be quite forgot of all,
And made the laſt on whom laſt lot muſt fall.
My thirſt is great as theirs, my death as nie,
Vnleſſe I can to better ſafetie flie,
Therefore I muſt elſewhere ſeeke my releefe,
And ſo away he flies with all his greefe.

My Lord I doe beſeech you, with this ſtorie,
Pack from your eares, thoſe fooles that frō vaine glory.
Thinke that his holineſſe wil me raiſe before,
k The *Neri, Vanni, Lotti*, and ſome more:
His baſtards Nephewes, kinne and other ſuch,
Shall quench their thirſts ere I the water touch.

k These are noble families in Florence, which were great friends to the Medices.

Nay

Nay there ſhall ſtep betwixt me and my hope,
All thoſe whoſe helping hands did make him Pope.
When theſe haue drunk, their ſteps forth to be ſerued,
Whole bands of martialiſts halfe pinde and ſterued.
That gainſt ſtout *Sodernie* did weapons beare,
Making his paſſage into Florence cleare.
[l] One boaſts that he in Caſentino was
With *Peter*, when he ſcarce from thence could paſſe
[m] With his lifes ſaftie, whilſt *Brandino* cries,
I lent the money which his honors buies.
An other doth aproue, t'was onely hee
Maintaind his brother with a yearely fee:
And at his proper charges did prouide,
Both horſe and armour, and what elſe beſide.
Now if whilſt theſe drinke I ſtand gazing by,
Either of force the well muſt be drawne drie:
Or elſe my thirſt my bodies health muſt ſlay,
Sith ſtil ſuch violence brookes no delay.
Well, tis much better to liue as I do,
Then to aproue if this be true or no.
Or whether fortunes fooles which waite vpon her,
Doe drinke of Lethe when they riſe to honour.
Which though it be moſt true that fewe do climbe,
But they forget the daies of former time,
Yet can I hardly ſay his holineſſe,
Hath drunke much water of forgetfulneſſe.
No I may well proteſt the contrary,
Since I did find that in his memory.

l The country of Caſſentino amidſt the which runneth the riuer Arno, it is a territory narrowe, barraine and full of hils ſeated at the foote of the Appenine moũtaines, of which Bibiena is the cheefe towne, this the Medici went about to ſurpriſe when they were Banditi & baniſhed from their country, but beeing repulſt by the Florentines army, which then kept them out, they eſcaped from thence not without great danger of loſing their liues. The cheefe captaine of this company, was this *Peter* brother to Pope *Leo*, who afterward was moſt vnfortunately drowned as he was going towards Caieta not farre from Naples, He was eldet brother to Pope *Leo* and *Iulian di Medices*, which three were ſonnes to that famous *Laurence di Medices*, of whom *Guychardine* in the beginning of his hiſtorie maketh moſt honourable mention of, *Coſimo* the great being their great grandfather, who was a citizen of ſingular wiſedome and of infinite wealth. *m* *Brandino* is the ſurname of a rich familie in Florence, whoſe cheefe wealth conſiſteth in money, and who lent great ſtore of coine vnto the Medices when they were in want.

I held my place, and when his foote I kiſt,
He with a ſmiling countnance preſt my wriſt,
Bowd downe his fore-head from his holy chaire,
And gaue me words of grace, and ſpeeches faire,
He gently ſtroakt my cheekes and did me bliſſe,
And on them both beſtowd a ſacred kiſſe.
Beſides he did beſtowe that Bull on me,
Which *Bibiena* after ſeriouſly
Diſpacht, and got, although I yet did pay
Some bribes before I was diſmiſt away:
But being done, and I ioyd therewithall, (fall.
(All wet through raine & ſtormes which thē did
Vnto Montano faſt I rode that night,
Where I repoſd with merry hart and light.
Thus curteous words and ſpeeches I had many,
But other fauours I poſſeſt not any.
But ſay twere true the Pope ſhould keep his word
And to me all his promiſes afford,
That I might reape the fruits which I did ſow,
Both now and elſewhere many yeares agoe:
Imagine with more Miters and read hats
He would adorne me, and with greater ſtats,
Then euer at the Popes great ſolemne maſſe,
Hath or beene ſeene or euer giuen was.
Nay ſay he fild vp all my bags with gold,
And cramd my cheſts as ful as they could hold:
Shall yet th'ambition of my greedy minde,
Enough contentments for her humors finde?
Or ſhall this quench my thirſts conſuming fire?
Or wil my thoughts take truce with her deſire?
No; I from Barb'rie to Catay wil goe,
From Dacia, where ſeuen headed Nile doth flow:
Not Rome alone muſt hold my ſoueraignty,
So of my affections I might maſter be;
And ſo I might haue power and both beable,
To tame my thoughts, and hopes vnſatiable.

Arioſto ſheweth himſelfe to be of a good nature, which tooke ſo thankfully ſo ſmall a reward, conſidering how much he had deſerued at the Medices hāds.

But

But when I ſhall a Cardinall be inſtald,
Or what is more, ſeruant of ſeruants cald,
Nay when I ſhall aboue the Pope be ſpi'd,
And yet my minde reſt ſtill vnſatisfi'd.
To what end then ſhould I ſo much diſeaſe me,
Or toile my ſelfe for that which wil not pleaſe me?
Tis better priuatly to liue, then thus
To vex and greeue for titles friuolous.
I ſpeake not this as though my ſelfe were he,
Whoſe nature could with no content agree:
But to this end, that ſith all greatnes euer,
Doth in this endleſſe Auarice perſeuer,
(Who though they all poſſeſſe, yet more doe craue,
As if they would imploy them in the graue.)
I thinke its better liue a priuate life,
Then wealth to hold with vnabated ſtrife.

A tale.

Then when this world was in her infancy,
And men knew neither ſin nor trecherie;
When cheators did not vſe to liue by wit,
Nor flattery could each great mans humour fit,
A certaine nation (which I knew not well)
Did at the foot of an high mountaine dwell,
Whoſe top the heauens counſailes ſent to know,
(As it apear'd to them that liu'd below)
Theſe men obſeruing how the moone did riſe,
And keep her monthly progreſſe through the skies:
And yet how with her horned forehead ſhe
Alterd her ſhape, her face and quantitie,
They ſtraight imagin'd if they were ſo hie,
As the hils top, they eaſly migh eſpie,
And come where ſhe did dwell to ſee moſt plaine,
How ſhe grew in the full, how in the waine.
Reſolu'd thereon, they mount the hill right ſoone,
With baskets and with ſackes to catch the moone,
Striuing who firſt vnto the top ſhould riſe,
And make himſelfe the maſter of the prize,

But mounted vp, and ſeeing that they were
As farre off as before, and neere the neare,
Wearie and feeble on the ground they fall,
Wiſhing (though wiſhes are no help at all)
That they had in the humble valley ſtaid,
And not like fooles themſelues ſo much diſmaid.
The reſt of them which did remaine belowe,
Thinking the others which ſo high did ſhow,
Had toucht the Moone, came running after then
By troopes and flocks, by twenties and by tenne:
But when the ſenſeleſſe miſconceit they found,
Like to the reſt they wearie fell to ground.
This loftie mountaine is the Wheele of fate,
Vpon whoſe top ſits roializd in ſtate,
(As ignorance and follie doth ſuppoſe)
All quietneſſe, al peace, and ſweete repoſe.
But they (alaſſe) doe all miſtake the ground,
For there nor ioy is, nor contentment found.
Now if with riches or with honours went
(Like louing twins) the minds deſird content:
Then had I reaſon to commend that wit,
VVhich were emploid and ſpent to purchaſe it.
But when I ſee both Popes and mightie Kings,
(VVho for the ſoueraignes are of earthly things,
As gods within this world eſteemed are)
That they of griefes and troubles haue their ſhare,
I needes muſt ſay, content they doe not hold,
As long as they haue ſorrowes manifold.
Should I in wealth the mightie Turke outgoe,
Or boaſt more glories then the Pope doth know,
And yet ſtill couet higher to aſpire,
I am but poore, through that my more deſire.
VVell tis moſt reaſon and our beſt beſt wit,
To liue of things are competent and fit,
VVhereby wee may not pine away with want,
Nor of our needfulſt needements to be ſcant.

For euerie one all ſtrength of reaſons haue,
To nouriſh life, and not liue as a ſlaue:
But if a man be ſo ſufficient rich,
That hee too little hath not, nor too much,
That hath enough his nature to content,
And in deſire is not ore vehement:
He that can eaſe his hunger at his pleaſure,
And giue each appetite his equall meaſure:
He that hath fire to warme him when hees cold,
A houſe to ſhelter him when he is old:
That when he ſhould ride forth is not compeld,
To lackey ſpaniel-like through euery field,
But to command a horſe is alwaies able,
And keepes a man to waite vpon his table.
Beſides a cleanely houſwife that will keepe
His houſe in comely order neate and ſweete:
If this I haue, what needs I more requeſt:
For hauing thus much, I haue all the reſt.
Enough is neuer then aboundance leſſe,
He that all couets, nothing doth poſſeſſe.
Beſides this duetie, reaſon doth demand,
That on ſtrict tearmes of honor we doe ſtand,
Yet in ſuch ſort that we be neuer found,
T'exceede the golden meane in any bound;
For nothing is on earth more dangerous,
Then to be noted as ambitious.
This is true honour when the world doth cry
Thou art an honeſt man and ſo doſt die:
VVhich if thou beeſt not, it will ſoone be knowne,
And as thy faults are ſo thy fame is blowne.
Hypocriſie is wouen of fine thrid,
Yet fewe in theſe daies can in nets be hid.
Becauſe each one right reuerend doth thee call,
Or Earle or Baron, Knight or Generall,
I would not haue thee thinke they honor thee,
Vnleſſe more in thy ſelfe then titles bee.

But when I ſee thy merits worth doth moue
From vertue, then thou ſhalt enioy my loue.
What glory iſt to thee when I behold,
How thou apparel'd art in ſilkes and gold?
Or that the wondring people with amaze,
As vp and downe thou walkeſt, vpon thee gaze?
If afterward, aſſoone as thou art gone,
And thy backe turn'd, they ſing this hatefull ſong.
See there the man who for a bribe in gold,
The gates of Rome vnto the French-men ſold:
Which gates to keep, he had of ſpeciall truſt,
Yet ſold the ſame, an art baſe and vniuſt.
Fie, fie, how many knight-hoods here are bought,
How many Biſhoprickes deſertleſſe caught?
Which after being knowne abroad become,
The foule diſgrace and ſcandall vnto Rome.
To be an honeſt man in word and deed,
Though on my backe I weare a courſe plaine weed,
As much doth pleaſe me as if I did go,
Royally clad in roabes which kingly ſhoe.
Let him that will or gold or veluet buy,
For I will not with ſpots of infamy.
° But now me thinkes baſe *Bomba* doth reply,
And vnto mine aſſertions giues the lie:
Saying, let me haue riches, I not care,
Or how they come, or how they purchaſt are:
Come they by villany, by drabs or dice,
Riches are euer of moſt worthy price.
Vertue is riches baſtard, nor do I
Reſpect, againſt me what the vulgar cry.
" All men of no man ſpeaketh reuerently,
" And ſome haue raild againſt the deity.
Huſht *Bomba* huſht, do not flie all ſo faſt,
But flag thy wanton peacocks traine at laſt,
I tell thee none blaſpheme the deity,
But ſuch as are more dám'd in villany,

° Vnder this name he taxeth ſome notorious & wicked man that grew rich through villanie.

Then

Then thoſe who naild their maker to the Croſſe,
Whoſe woes eternally do mourne their loſſe:
Meane ſpace the good and honeſt ſort one word,
Will not of goodneſſe to thy fame afford.
They ſay falſe cards, falſe dice, and falſer queanes,
Purchaſt thy liuings and thy large demeanes.
And thou adminiſtreſt to euery tongue,
Matter to talke of, as thou walk'ſt along:
Wearing and tearing out more cloth of gold,
More ſilkes and Tiſſus from Arabia ſold,
Then all the worthy gallants Rome doth breed,
So much thy pride and riot doth exceed.
Thoſe theſts and coſenages thou ſhouldſt conceale,
Vnto the world and me thou doſt reueale.
Making euen fooles and ſillie Infants know,
That cottages where hardly thatch did grow,
Thou in theſe few yeares palaces haſt made,
By thy ſmooth cheating and thy coſening trade:
The world doth ſee thy banquets and thy feaſt,
Where in thou ſurfet'ſt like an ore fed beaſt.
Yet thou conceiu'ſt that thou a gallant art,
And all that ſmile on thee do take thy part.
Foole, thoſe ſame ſmiles are like the ſerpents hiſſe,
And they would kill thee faine which doe thee kiſſe.
P *Borno* (ſo no man tell him to his face,
How vile he is) beleeues it no diſgrace:
Although behind his backe he heare men cry,
He hath nor faith, nor loue nor piety:
And how that worſe then bloudy-handed *Caine*,
He his owne brother tyrant-like hath ſlaine:
Although an exiles life he hath indured,
Yet all agree'd, all euils now are cured:
And he the whole inheritance hath got,
Without vexation of a partners lot.
Therefore let all men ſay what all men can,
Heel'e walke the ſtreets (ſith rich) an honeſt man.

P This is alſo a ſhadowed name, whereby hee biteth at ſome others of as bad faults as may be.

Another that's as vile as is the beſt,
Tiers out his daies with labour and vnreſt:
Till he haue got a Miter in ſuch faſhion,
As ſhames himſelfe, his kinne and all his nation:
When he no worthier is to beare the load,
Then a baſe aſſe is of a Purple roab.
But knew the world how to this height he came
The very ſtinke would poyſon them with ſhame.
O times corrupt, O manners worſe then nought,
Where nothing but whats vile is ſold and bought!
Too true it is, which all the world hath told,
All things at Rome, euen heauen for coine is ſold.

A tale. *William* ſurnamed *Rufus*, when in hand,
He ſwaid the Engliſh Scepter at command,
It chanc't a wealthy Abby void did fall,
Whoſe great demeanes being rich in general,
Many came to the king the ſame to buy,
(For he did mony loue exceedingly)
Now when Church chapmē al were com'd vnto him
And with their vtmoſt ſums did amply woe him,
He ſpide a Monke ſtood halfe behind the dore,
Whom ſtraight he cald, and bade him come before:
Imagining he came as did the reſt,
With full fild bags, to make his offer beſt,
And therefore thus the king moſt gratiouſly
Speakes to the Monke; Tell me man willingly,
What thou wilt giue; great the reuenues are,
And thou free leaue to offer for thy ſhare.
My gratious Lord (the old man did reply)
I came not hither this rich place to buy:
For I am poore: or had I wealth at will,
I would not load my conſcience with ſuch ill:
As to ingroſſe Churchliuings aboue other,
Making me rich by robbing of my brother.
Beſides, I were an aſſe to vndertake,
To lay too great a burthen on my backe:

Which

Which to ſupport, I know I am vnfit,
Both for my learning, induſtry and wit.
Onely I hither came in humble wiſe,
To beg of him which to this place ſhould riſe,
That I this petty fauour might but haue,
To be his Prieſt, his beadſ-man or his ſlaue.
The King who heard this old man gratiouſly,
And finding in him true humilitie,
Whence his rare vertues ſprang ſo curiouſly,
That they exceld his ranke in dignity:
Freely and frankly without recompence,
Gaue him this Abbey and diſpatcht him thence,
Saying he it deſeru'd moſt worthily,
Sith he ſo wel could brooke his pouertie.
Neither ſuch gift nor King I ere ſhall know,
Yet ſuch a mind and thoughts within me grow.
I haue a mind which harbours calme content,
Voide of all lucre, and from malice bent.
And would I fiſh for liuings, theres no doubt,
But I ſhold eaſily bring my wiſh about.
¶ But home is homely, I am beſt at eaſe,
When I haue none but mine owne ſelfe to pleaſe.
Riches are ſtill the children of much care,
Who couets nothing, oneiy rich men are.
Great is the labour which doth purchaſe gaine,
Greater the ſorrow which doth it maintaine.
But once to loſe it, euen death doth bring:
Ile no ſuch bees which haue ſo ſharp a ſting.
Sufficient for my ſelfe is my ſmall ſtore,
And greateſt monarches do enioy no more.

¶ *Arioſto* was ſomewhat variable in his deſires and a litle humourous withall, and therefore would hardly be bound or tied to any thing longer then himſelfe liſted.

The fourth Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth that it is good and necessary to marry, and yet by the way glaunceth merily at that state of life, shewing how hard a matter it is for a man to keep his wife honest and chast.

Written to the Lord *Hanibal Malaguzzo.*

IHeare [a] by strangers, friends the world and all,
(Except thy selfe, thrice noble *Hanibal*)
That thou art now about to take a wife,
Knitting these worlds cares to a better life.
I not mislike that so your fancie stands,
Onely I take vnkindly at your hands,
That vnto me you would not tell your mind,
Since in my counsailes you might comfort find.
Perhaps thou hast conceald it, from this feare,
Lest I should hap t'oppose what thou holdst deare,
Thinking becausе my selfe vnmarried am,
Therefore I marriage wil in others blame.
If so thou censur'st me, thou dost me wrong:
For though I neuer knew what did belong,
To wedlocke: yet I neuer haue withstood,
Those which choose mariage as their chiefest good,
[b] Oft haue I grieu'd, and yet I sadly mourne,

[a] *Arioſto* being not giuen to mary, his kinſman the Lord *Hanibal* was loth to make him priuy to his wedding, which hee taketh very vnkindly in this Satyre.

[b] He excuseth himselfin that he lued a batchellor so long, which hee saith was his hard fortune, and not his faulr; although there is no doubt, but if hee had listed, hee might haue matched very well, and euery way to his contentment.

That

That then to marry, I haue choſe to burne.
My ſelfe excuſing that I ſtill was croſt,
By hand of Fate, and ſo my fortunes loſt:
For though vnto it I was fully bent,
Occaſion ſtill my meaning did preuent.
But this hath euer mine opinon beene,
Nor euer ſhal there change in me be ſeene:
That men cannot in perfect goodneſſe ſtand,
Vnleſſe he liue within the mariage band.
Nor without women can liue free from ſinne,
For he which thruſts ſuch gueſts out of his Inne,
Is either forc't toborrow of another,
Or theefe-like without conſci ence robs his brother.
[c] Beſides, who vnto ſtranger ſheets doth cleaue,
Turnes Cormorant, and temperance doth leaue.
For if to day he feed on larke or quaile,
Next morne, heele haue the Pheſant or the Raile.
And which is worſt, he looſeth ſenſe of loue,
And that ſweet touch which charity ſhould moue.
[d] Hence comes it, prieſts of all men are the worſt,
Biting like dogs with madneſſe made accurſt.
The whileſt no common Palliard, baud nor ſlaue,
Carries more viler ſurfets to his graue.
Borrow of all they doe, but none they pay,
Baſe are their deedes, how well ſo ere they ſay.
Againe, in publike cariage and in ſhoe,
They are ſo void of iudgement, and do goe
So farre from vertue, that I wonder much,
Women will daine but to be toucht by ſuch.
You know tis true, who do in Regio dwell,
But that all truths: for feare you dare not tell.
Bug-beare confeſſion whiſpering in your eare,
It is damnation to tell all you heare.
Well, though you nothing ſay, yet from your eies,
I read the depth of all your myſteries,
[e] Of ſtubborne *Modena* I ſpeake nought at all,

[c] Hee could giue good counſaile himſelfe, but could not follow it, as *Medea* ſaith in *Ouid.*
--- *Video meliora proboque deteriora ſequor*----

[d] He enueigheth againſt ſome Prieſts, who liued too much incontinently.

[e] Modena is a City in Lumbardy, ſubiect vnto the Dukedome of Ferara (now the Popes) where the Churchmen bare them ſelues ouer licentiouſly and more vnciuilly then becomeed them. In this town *Sadoletus* and *Molza*, two learned Italians of their time were borne.

Who though this great plague did vpon it fall,
Yet it deſerueth to be puniſht worſe,
May on her and her prieſts light heauens curſe.
But now to you. Eleſt betimes your mate,
Better too ſoone to marry then too late.
And ſince perforce thou needes this life wilt try,
Aduenter on it moſt couragiouſly.
[f] Do not as did doctor *Buon Leo* old,
Who tooke a wife when all his bloud was cold:
When age had made him for a graue more fit,
Then or for wife or youthfull appetit.
Defer not thou till age come creeping on,
Leſt ſtrength conſum'd, thy body ſuffer wrong.
" Old ages Herbingers and ſnow-white haires,
" Warme drinks & cloathes are good for many yeares:
A cup of wine in withred *Hermons* head,
Is better then a faire maid in his bed:
Age with ſuch liquors often is well eaſ'd,
Venus with gouts and palſies is not pleaſ'd.
Faire *Hymeneus* is not painted old,
But youthfull, freſh, with ſaffron haire like gold:
The old man feeling but ſome ſparkes of fire,
Which with much labour doth but warme deſire,
Begins to rouſe his Icie ſpirits vp,
As if he had carouſt on *Æſons* cup:
Much he imagins he can do, when loe,
Strength doth forſake him, ere his ſtrength he know:
And he poore ſoule euen in his height of pride,
Is conquer'd ere th'encounter he haue tride.
Yet ſo he muſt not thinke his wife will yield,
Her better ſpirit better ioyes the field.
" Fire with water, neuer will agree,
" Nor nature will not looſe her ſoueraigntie.
But ſay it were not ſo; yet in theſe daies,
The world being rather giuen to diſpraiſe,
Then to ſpeake well of any, who are they,

[f] A famous Phyſition of Ferara, who married not til he was all 80. yeares old, & then (doating) tooke a marueilous faire maid vnto his wife, and preſently after died.

Will

Will marry Winter vnto youthfull May?
But they will wiſh Saint *Lukes* badge on his head,
And that in horne-bookes he be deeply read.
And thus although they merit not this blame,
Yet can they not eſcape all poiſoning fame,
Who for the moſt part doth of falſhoods prate,
But be it falſe or true tis then too late
To call it home againe, if once the vent,
About the buſſing buſie world be ſent:
And who his honour or good name doth loue,
Muſt patient be, for he this croſſe muſt proue.
Yet this bad paſſion nothing is at all,
But that which we damn'd iealouſie do call:
Although tis ill enough when we behold,
An Infant whom the cradle doth infold:
And two or three crope newly from the ſhell,
Who in their clamours do their grieuance tell.
Adde vnto theſe a pretty girle or twaine,
Whom thou in vertues manners ſeek'ſt to traine:
Yet haſt not any whom thy ſoule can truſt,
Will honeſt be to them, or to thee iuſt.
But rather will allure them by all meanes,
To vitious liuing, and to ſhameleſſe ſtraines.
Chuſe wiſely then, ſince thou doſt know this curſe,
§ And like our Gentlemen be not found worſe.
Many of which buried in cloiſters low,
Lie hid, while'ſt graſſe doth ore their graue ſtones grow,
On marriage their minds did neuer ſet,
Becauſe they meant not children to beget,
And ſo be forc't that little to diſſeauer,
Which ſcarce would ſerue, when twas vnite together
That which in ſtrength of youth they did refuſe,
Now growne in yeares moſt ſhamefully they chuſe,
Shewing themſelues to be ſo baſe of mind,
That euen in Boriſh villages they find:
And in the Kitchins greaſie ſcullerie,

§ He findeth fault with diuers Gentlemen of Ferara, that were yonger brothers, who becauſe their wealth was little, would not marry when they were young, & yet comming to be old, they made their choice worſe, when getting their owne maides and drudges with child, they were after glad to marry them becauſe the children which they had got by them ſhould not be counted baſtards.

With whom to ſport themſelues laſciuiouſly,
Boyes are begot, which as in yeares they grow,
Such abiect vile behauiours from them flow,
That they are forc't to marry them perforce,
Vnto Clownes daughters, or to creatures worſe,
Euen to crackt Chambermaids broke vp of late,
Becauſe they would not haue their ſons in ſtate
of baſtardy, and here hence doth proceed,
That nobleſt houſes in Ferara bleed,
With wounds of tainted honour and with ſhame,
As all eies do behold which view the ſame.
This is the cauſe the worthies of this towne,
Are ſeldome ſeene to flouriſh in renowne
Of vertue, or of valour, or of arts,
And hence it is their auncestors beſt parts,
I meane thoſe of the worthy mothers ſide,
Are of their generous qualities ſo wide.
My Lord, to marry you do paſſing well,
And yet attend theſe precepts I ſhall tell.
Firſt thinke thereof, leſt when you would retire,
You cannot, being ſlau'd vnto deſire:
[h] In this important matter, moſt, moſt great,
Although my counſaile you do not intreat.
Yet I will ſhew you how a wife to chuſe,
And which mongſt women wiſemen ſhould refuſe:
But you perhaps, will wondring ſmile at me,
And place it with impoſſibility,
That I this waighty charge ſhould vndertake,
Yet neuer knew what meant the married ſtate.
I pray you tell me; hath not your Lordſhip ſeene,
When as two gamſters haue at tables beene:
The third man which (as lookers on) ſtood by,
More to haue ſeene in play then they could ſpy:
If you do find I ſhoot nere to the white,
Follow my rules and hold my iudgment right:
But if you ſee I roue far off and wide,

[h] This Poet giueth his friend better counſaile then hee himſelfe could follow, for although he would neuer marry, yet is he noted to haue kept at his owne proper charges one *Alexandra*, a proper woman a long time, although his friend ſay that he was married vnto her priuily, and durſt not bee knowne of it, for feare of looſing ſome ſmall ſpirituall liuing which he had, and which were not lawfull for any maried man to enioy.

Then

Then both my counſailes and my ſelfe deride:
And yet before I further doe proceede,
Tis meete, that firſt this caution I doe reede.
If you to take a wife haue ſtrong pretence,
Yet build your ground on naught but luſtfull ſence,
Twere madnes to perſwade you from her loue,
Though reaſons gainſt her honor I could proue.
If ſhe doe pleaſe you, then ſhe vertuous is,
Nor any gift of goodnes can ſhe miſſe:
No Rhethorick, reaſon, nor no ſtrength of wit,
Can make thee loath when luſt rules appetit:
So much thou art beſotted on her face,
That reaſon muſt to pleaſure yeeld her place.
I for a wilfull blinde man am no guide,
But if in liſts of wiſedome thou wilt bide,
Then ſcholler-like examine what I ſay,
And I ſhall merit thankes another day.
Who ſo thou art that meanſt a wife to take,
(If of thine honor thou account doſt make)
Learne what her mother is, that ſtep begin,
And how her ſiſters liue, how free from ſinne:
If we in horſes, kine, and ſuch like creatures,
Deſire to know their lineall race and natures,
What ought wee then to doe in theſe, who are
Then other cattell, more deceitfull farre?
A Hare you neuer ſaw bring forth a Hart,
Nor doe from Doues neſts Eglats euer part.
Euen ſo a mother that is infamous,
Hardly can beare a daughter vertuous.
From trotting races, amblers ſeldome breede,
From ſelfe like natures, ſelfe like things proceede.
Beſides the branch is like vnto the tree,
And children keepe what firſt they learned be.
Ill education ſpoileth maners good, "
Corrupts beſt natures, and infects the blood. "
Home-bred examples and domeſtick illes, "

Graſts errors in cleanneſt breſts, & good thoughts
If ſhe perceiues her mother to poſſeſſe, (kils.
Many faire ſeruants ſhe will haue no leſſe:
Nay ſhe will more haue, or her better skill,
Shall leaue to be the agent of her will:
And this ſhe doth to ſhow in courtlineſſe,
That (then her mother) ſhe is nothing leſſe,
And that heauen did with equall bountie place,
Within them both one beautie and one grace,
To know her nurſe, and how her life ſhe leades,
What her commencements are, and how ſhe treades:
Whether her father brought her vp or no,
If ſhe can play the cooke, weaue, worke or ſowe,
Or if in idle courts ſhe haue remaind,
And there in ſong and muſique hath beene traind.
To iudge the better of her vertues this,
And all the reſt to know, moſt needefull is.
Seeke not a wife whoſe ſtile and nobleneſſe
Shall fill thy veines with much vainglorioufnes:
Such oft their husbands vnto wrath prouoke,
Whilſt they to him are nothing elſe but ſmoke.
Tis good to match with one thats nobly borne,
So ſhe her husbands birth hold not in ſcorne.
Such one take thou great Lord as fit ſhall be,
Both for thy liuing and thy pedigre:
For hardly thou thy better ſhalt content,
Vnleſſe on her dependance much be ſpent.
A brace of pages, ſeruing gentlemen,
And for her ſtate a flock of gentlewomen,
To keepe their Lady from all faults offence,
Without the which there is no patience.
Nor ſo content, a dwarfe ſhe needes muſt haue,
A foole, a pandor, and a ieſting knaue,
VVith dogs and munkies, parrets and ſuch toies,
Whoſe idle ſeruice, idle time deſtroies:
VVith other company for cards and dice,

i Here *Arioſto* is a little malitious againſt the court for many gentlewoman, yea & thoſe ſort are as well brought vp, & as vertuouſly giuen, liuing in the court, as if they had all the daies of their youth beene trained & mewed vp in their fathers owne houſes, muſique and a ſweete voice, being two as commendable qualities as can adorne any Lady, only the libertie of courts to diſeaſed minds, is the ground to theſe inuentions.

VVhoſe

Whoſe wits can ſort with courtiers that are nice;
Nor when ſhe takes the aire, wil ſhe forth tread,
Without her rich caroche well furniſhed.
But this laſt charge is nothing to that coſt,
Muſt on more priuate toies be vainly loſt.
Now if thou no ſuch prodigall fond part,
(Who for of birth and liuing chiefe thou art
Within thy natiue home) ſhalt proue, then know,
The poorer ſort ſuch glories dare not ſhow.
If hackney men doe round about the towne,
Run for to let their coach horſe vp and downe,
What then will he doe? who at his command
Hath of his owne, which euer ready ſtand?
If others two horſe keepe, the rich will ſtill
Haue foure at leaſt, yet thinke the draught but ill.
With ſuch an one thou ſhalt poſſeſſe more care,
[k] Then mine *Orlando* in his madnes bare.
[l] If ſhe ſhall braule with thee malitiouſly,
Gouerne with patience her extremitie,
And as *Vlyſſes* gainſt the Sirens ſong,
Made himſelfe deafe to ſhelter him from wrong,
So her expoſtulatings doe not heare,
But gainſt ſuch clamarous noiſe glew vp thine eare.
" When ſhe ſpeaks moſt do thou leaſt ſpeach afford,
" For ſilence cuts a ſhrow worſe then a ſword.
" A froward wife for very ſpight will cry,
" When thy neglect doth ſcorne her tyrannie.
Haue ſpecial care that with no foule-mouthd ſpeach,
Thou mak'ſt into her fury any breach:
For then thou all confound'ſt, and one ſmall ſhowre,
Will on thy head a world of newe ſtormes powre,
Which with ſuch bitterneſſe ſhe will declare,
That ſtings of waſps not halfe ſo noiſome are.
Let her as neare as arte or wit can finde,
Agree with euery humor in thy minde,
That ancient cuſtomes in thy houſe remaine.

[k] Meaning that an ill wife will make a mã mad, as *Orlando* became throgh the vnkindnes of *Angelica*.

[l] Here the Poet ſetteth downe many excellent rules how a man ſhould chooſe a wife, and hauing choſen one, how he ſhould behaue himſelfe towards her.

And

And that no danger lurke within her traine,
In being greater then thou canſt ſupport,
For things doe fall to ruine in that ſort.
I doe not like that beautie whoſe rare merit
Will praiſe beyond all excellence inherit:
Nor ſuch a one whoſe court audacitie,
Beares her beyond all comely modeſtie.
Twixt faire and foule there is a golden meane,
Vnto which path I faine would haue you leane.
A louing maide, not louely ſtriue to chuſe
The faces beautie; for the mindes refuſe.
Pleaſe thy beſt iudgement, tis no matter then,
Though ſhe ſeeme foule or black to other men.
[m] Her to poſſeſſe whoſe beautie doth exceede,
Doth to all curious eies much ſorrowe breede:
For ſhe euen frozen harts doth ſet on fire,
Making them languiſh in vnchaſte deſire.
A world will venture her faire forte to ſpoile,
Wherein albe ſhe giue ſome fewe the foile:
Yet at the laſt comes one with bribes and praies,
Who ſo in peeces all her forces teares,
That at the laſt hauing no more delay,
She yeelds, and he her honor beares away.
A wife thats more then faire is like a ſtale,
Or chanting whiſtle which brings birds to thrall.
[n] Yet of no ſluttiſh foulenes fix thy minde,

The Italian hath a praire of ſuch a wife.

m Chi ha bianco cauello, et bella moglie,
Non viue mai ſenza doglie.
Whoſe horſe is white, and wife is faire,
His head is neuer void of care.

He alludeth to the common ſaying in Italie.

n Fa peccato niſieme col penitenza,
Chi piglia bruta moglie a credenza.
Who takes a woman foule vnto his wife,
Doth penance euer, yet ſinnes all his life.

Faire

For ſo perpetuall penance thou ſhalt finde.
Beauties which are indifferent moſt me moue,
Faire which is ſtill moſt faire I doe not loue.
Pure of complexion let her be and good,
And in her cheekes faire circled cramſon blood.
Hie coulors argue choler and diſtaſte,
And ſuch hot bloods are ſeldome made to waſte.
Let her be milde and wittie, not curſt,
Nor fooliſh, for of all breeds that's the worſt.
None ſo deformed are, or vgly foule,
As fooles which more are gazd at then the Owle:
For if ſhe any fault abroad commit,
Her long-tongd goſſip ſtraight muſt know of it:
Nothing ſo priuate can be done or ſaid, (uaid.
Which through the whole world ſhall not bee con-
Thus ſhe her husband and her ſelfe doth bring,
To be a ſcorne to euery abiect thing:
Where as the wittie wench ſo careful is,
There's none ſhall know albe ſhe doe amiſſe.
Like to the Cat who buries vnder ground
Her ordure, leſt by men it ſhould be found.
Let her be pleaſing, full of curteſie,
Lowly of minde, prides deadly enemie:
Pleaſant of ſpeech, ſeldome ſad or neuer,
And let her countnance cheareful be for euer,
A viniger tart looke or clowdy brow,
Furroud with wrinckles I doe not allow,
And ſo to pout or lowre through ſullenneſſe,
Is a ſtrong ſigne of dogged peeuiſhneſſe.
Let her be baſhfull and of modeſt grace,
Heare, but not anſwere for thee, wherein place
Thou art: for tis extreameſt obloquie,
When ſhe doth prate and thou muſt ſilent be,
No idle huſwife let her euer be,

o There's no ill qualitie ſo vile in a woman, as to be a foole, for I haue oft heard a wiſe man ſay, he had rather haue a willy wantō, a witty ſhrow, or a foule ſlut to his wife, then one that was fouliſh or fooliſh, affirming that the firſt if ſhe did a fault would with diſcretion hide it. The ſecond with her wit would now and then delight him. The third becauſe of her deformitie, ſtudie and indeuor alwaies to pleaſe him, but the laſt which was the foole, wold ſhame both her

ſelfe, her husband and her friends.

But alwaies doing ſome thing ſeriouſly.

p Sluttiſhnes in women was ſo much deteſted with the antient Romans, that one of the cheefe noble men of the citie put his wife from him by diuorce, as if ſhe had beene incontinent & vnchaſte of her bodie, yea only for that fault.

P Let her well loued ſelfe, her ſelfe preſerue,
And from all goatiſh ſents he skinne conſerue.
Women doe oft like golden tombes apeare,
Worthy without when naught within is faire.
Some ten or twelue yeares yonger then thou art,
Elect thy wife, for thats a wiſe mans part:
Becauſe a womans glories euer faile,
Long ere the mans ſtrength doe begin to quaile,
And ſo within thine eie wil breede diſlike,
Ere mutuall yeares thee in like weakneſſe ſtrike,
Therefore I wiſh the husbands age ſhould be
Thirty at leaſt, for then th'impaciency
Of youthfull heate beginneth to aſſwage,
And with more moderation rules his rage.
Let her be ſuch a one as feareth God,
Leſt ſhe aproue the ſting of heauens rod,
Religious, not ſcrupulous, and boue all,
Let her know none whom puritans we call:
To run frō Church to Church through all the towne,
To weare a thin ſmall ruffe, a bare black gowne,
To faigne to ſpeake like chickins when they peepe,
Or leare like cats when they doe ſeeme to ſleepe.
To make long praiers and goggle vp their eies,
As if their zeales would teare God from the skies.
To chide if any thing we ſay is good,
(Excepting God) as Prince or almes, or foode,
Chriſtmas to name but Chriſt tide, as it were
Damnation, but the bare word maſſe to heare,
To ſpeake to none that walketh in the ſtreete,
Or with theſe words God ſaue you, any greete:
Not to looke vp, but fix on earth the eie,
A parant ſignes are of hypocriſie.
God pleaſed is with plainneſſe of the hart,
And not with dumb ſhoes of the outward part,
Such as her life, ſuch her religion is,

Where arts and words agree not, al's amiſſe.
q I would not that acquaintance ſhe ſhould haue,
With a preciſſion *Frire* for hees a knaue,
They vnder colour of confeſſion frame,
Miſchiefe and many matrons doe defame,
Nor ſhall ſhe feaſt them with delitious fare,
For they but counterfeits and cheaters are,
To widowes, wiues and maids they doe remaine,
Vild, as in harueſt are great ſhowers of raine.
r Let her owne beautie be her owne delight,
Without adulterate painting, read or white,
Nature hath fixt beſt colours to the face,
No art hath power to giue ſo ſweete a grace.
Great paines to little purpoſe and much ſhame,
They ſpend, who to adorne their bodies frame,
Doe profitleſſe conſume whole daies away,
Let ſuch a one not in thy fauour ſtay.
A golden time, a glorious world it was,
When women had no other looking glaſſe
Then the cleere fountaine, and no painting knew,
But what they from the ſimple ſleikſtone drewe.
Complexion now in euery place is ſold,
And plaiſter wiſe daubd vpon yong and old.
Old iades muſt haue read bridles, and the hag,
Will not in toies behind the yongeſt lag.
ſ Knew *Herculan* but where thoſe lips of his,
He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kiſſe.
He would diſdaine and loath himſelfe as much,
As if the loathſom'ſt ordure he did touch.
t He knowes not, did he know it he would ſpewe,
That paintings made with ſpettle of a Iewe,
(For they the beſt ſell) nor that loathſome ſmell,
(Though mixt with muske and amber nere ſo well,
Can they with all their cunning take away

q Many good gentlewomen eſpecially old widowes are abuſed by counterfeit Priers in *Italie*, they making a ſhewe of more holineſſe then the reſt of their coat, whē it is nothing els but meere knauerie and diſſimulation.
r Theſe be ſuch women as the Poet ſpeaketh of, *Meruit formoſa videri*, that is, ſhe deſerued with the paines ſhe tooke, to ſeem handſome though indeed ſhe was not.
ſ An Italian gentleman, whoſe miſtris face was like a painters table.
t It is moſt true that the Iewes make the beſt colours, either *Roſa* or *Bianca*, as may be ſeene in *Famagoſta* in Cyprus, and it is alſo credibly reported that they make it after this filthy maner as the Poet here ſetteth downe.

The fleame and ſnot ſo ranke in it doth ſtay.
Little thinks he that with the filthy doung,
Of their ſmall circumciſed infants young,
The fat of hideous ſerpents, ſpaune of ſnakes,
Which ſlaues from out their poiſonous bodies takes.
All which they doe preſerue moſt curiouſly,
And mix them in one bodie cunningly,
Making that vnguent, which who buies to vſe,
Buies hell withall, and heauen doth refuſe.
Fie how my queaſie ſtomack vp doth riſe,
To thinke with what groſe ſtuffe in beaſtly wiſe,
They make this hateſull vomit of the face,
With which fond women ſeeke themſelues to grace,
Daubing their cheekes in darke holes with the ſame,
Leſt the daies eie ſhould tell the world their ſhame:
But knew men which doe kiſſe them, what I know,
They would ſo farre in deteſtation grow,
That ere they would touch maskes ſo foule as this,
Menſis proſtuuium they would gladly kiſſe.
Nay knew but women how they are abuſd
By theſe plague ſalues (ſo generally vſd
Of them) and by thoſe drugs wherewith they fill
Their cloſets, cabinets and cofers ſtill:
They ſoone would finde their errours and confeſſe,
Tis they alone which makes them beautileſſe.
[u] This curious painting when they vndertake,
True natures beautie doth the cheeke forſake:
All that is excellent away is fled,
Hating to liue with hell being heauen-bred.
Likewiſe thoſe waters which they vſe with care,
To make the pearle teeth orient and more fare,
Turnes them to rottenneſſe, or black like hell,
Whilſt from their breaths doth iſſue forth a ſmell,
More noiſome then the vileſt iakes can yeeld,
Or carion that corrupts within the field.
Well, let thy wife to none of theſe ſins cleaue,

[u] Although this doctrine be as true as true may be, yet will not many gentlewomen beleeue it, but hold it to bee meere hereſie and no truth.

But

But to the Court theſe rarer cunnings leaue.
Let her apparell be in comely faſhion,
And not ſtragnized after euery nation.
Head-tires in ſhape like to a corronet,
With pearle, with ſtone, and Iewels richly ſet,
Befits a Princeſſe right; a veluet hood,
With golden border, for thy wife's as good.
The Loome, the Needle and fine Cookery,
Doth not diſparage true gentility.
Nor ſhall it be amiſſe, if when thou art,
Within thy country home, thy wife impart,
Her huſwifely condition, and ſuruay,
Her Dayrie and her milk-pans once a day.
The greateſt ſtates in theſe daies will reſpect
Their profits, when their honours they neglect.
× But her cheefe care ſhall on thy Children be,
To bring them vp in each good quality.
And thus, if ſuch a wife thou canſt attaine,
I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldſt refraine.
For ſay that afterward her mind ſhould change,
And from corrupter thoughts deſire to range:
Or that ſhe ſeekes to ſcandalize her houſe,
With blacke diſdaine, or ſhame moſt impious,
When in her harueſt yeares thou comſt to mow,
And findſt where corne was, nought but weeds dohgrow:
Yet thou thy ſelfe as faulty, canſt not blame,
But ſpitefull Fate, the author of defame:
And that her infancie was miſgouerned,
And not in vertue truly nurtered.
Thou canſt but ſorry be for her offence,
When want of grace doth draw on impudence.
But he that like a blind man doth run on,

× The bringing vp of children in good ſort, is one of the chiefeſt parts which belongs to an honeſt woman, as the Poet ſaith in his *Orlando Furioſo*.

— The vertues that in women praiſe do win,
Are ſober ſhewes without, chaſt thoughts within;
True faith and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honeſt care to take.

And

And takes the firſt his fortunes fall vpon,
Or he that worſe doth(as doth baſeſt he)
Who though he know her moſt vnchaſt to be:
Yet he will haue her in diſpight of all,
Euen though the world him hatefull Wittall call.
If after ſad repentance him importune,
Let him accuſe himſelfe for his misfortune:
Nor let him thinke any will moane his caſe,
Since his owne folly bred his owne diſgrace.
But now ſince I haue taught thee how to get,
Thy beſt of choice, and thee on horſe-backe ſet.
Ile learne thee how to ride her: wild or tame,
To curb her when, and when to raine the ſame:
No ſooner thou ſhalt take to thee a wife,
But thou ſhalt leaue the old haunts of thy life,
Keep thine owne neſt, leſt ſome ſtrange bird lie hid,
And do by thee as thou by others did.
y Like a true Turtle with thine owne doue ſtay,
Elſe others t'wixt thy ſheetes may falſly play.
Eſteeme her deare, and loue her as thy life,
No matchleſſe treaſure like a loyall wife.
If thou wilt haue her like and honour thee,
Firſt let her thine affections amply ſee:
What ſhe doth for thee, kindly that reſpect,
And ſhew how thy loue doth her loue affect.
If by omiſſion ſhe do ought amiſſe,
In any thing that gainſt thy nature is:
With loue and not with fury let her know,
Her errours ground, for thence amendments grow.
A gentle hand, A Colt doth ſooner tame
Then chaines or fetters which do make him lame.
Spaniels with ſtroking we doe gentle find,
Sooner then when they coopled are or pinde.
Theſe kind of cattell gentler then the reſt,
Without the vſe of rigor do the beſt.
Good natures by good vſage beſt do proue,

y Good counſaile to all ſuch yong men who haue long warmed themſelues by other mens fires.

Diſdaine breedes hate, tis loue ingenders loue,
But that like aſſes they ſhould beaten be,
Neither with ſenſe nor reaſon doth agree:
For where loues art auailes not, there I feare,
Stroakes will more bootleſſe and more vile appeare.
Many will boaſt what wonders they haue wrought
By blowes, and how their wiſhes they haue caught.
How they haue tam'd their ſhrewes & puld them downe,
Making them vaile euen to the ſmalleſt frowne.
But let thoſe Gyants which ſuch boaſtings loue,
Tell me what they haue got and it will proue,
Their wiues their blowes, on hands & face do beare,
And they their wiues marks on their foreheads weare.
[z] Beſides who leaſt a wicked wife can tame,
Doth oftest brag that he can do the ſame.
Remember ſhe is neighbour to thy heart,
And not thy ſlaue, ſhe is thy better part.
Thinke tis enough that her thou maiſt command,
And that ſhe doth in loue-knots loyall ſtand:
Although thy power thou neuer do approue,
For thats the way to make her leaue to loue.
Giue her all wiſhes whileſt ſhe doth deſire,
Nothing but that which reaſon doth acquire.
And when thou haſt confirmd thee in her loue,
Preſerue it ſafe, let nothing it remoue.
And yet to ſuffer her, do all ſhe will,
Without thy knowledge, may much vertue kill.
So likwiſe to inſtruct without all reaſon,
To perfit loue is more then open treaſon.
To go to feaſts and weddings mongſt the beſt,
Is not amiſſe: for there ſuſpect is leaſt.
Nor is it meet, that ſhe the Church refraine,
Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.
In publike markets and in company,
Is neuer found adulterous villany.
But in thy goſſips or thy neighbours houſe,

[z] Theſe braggants are like that honeſt man whoſe wife hauing broke his pate, and he wearing a nightcap, being asked why hee ware it, anſwered that his wife falling on the ſuddaine ſicke, hee tooke ſuch thought for the ſame, that hee became himſelfe ill alſo, & ſo was glad to excuſe the matter.

And

And therefore hold ſuch places dangerous.
[a] Yet as deuotion to the Church her leades,
Thou ſhalt do well to marke which way ſhe treades:
For often times the goodly pray is ſtill
The cauſe why men do ſteale againſt their will.
Chiefly take heed, what conſort ſhe liues in,
Beware of Wolues that weare the Weathers skin.
Marke what reſort within thy houſe doth moue,
Many kiſſe children for the nurſes loue.
[b] Some for thy wiues ſake much will honour thee;
Doe not with ſuch men hold ſociety.
When ſhee's abroad, thy feare is of ſmall worth,
The danger's in the houſe when thou art forth.
Yet wiſely watch her, leſt ſhe doe eſpy
Thy politicke and waking iealouſie.

[a] By this trick *Arioſto* ſheweth himſelfe to be a right *Italian*: for ſo do many Italians vſe to dog their wiues when they goe abroad, the poore women not thinking that their husbands do watch them as they doe.

[b] There was in a certaine Vniuerſitie either heere or elſe where a certain Malt-man, who hauing a very ſweet & louely browne woman to his wife, many Gentlemen Students and others, would be his kinſmen, in ſo much that a familiar of his demanded one day of him merrily, which way it came that ſo many gallants were allied vnto him: who replied laughing (like a good companion) by my truth ſir *I* know not, except this kindred come by my wiues ſide: for before I was married vnto her, there was not one ſcholler in this Vniuerſitie that was acquainted with me. This fellow though he was plaine, yet had hee a ſhrewd pate, and although hee ſaid little, yet did hee thinke more, and many drie blowes he would giue theſe luſty youthes which reſort vnto his houſe, whereof I will giue you a taſte and ſo away: One day a gentleman of a good houſe came to viſite him (or rather if I ſhould ſay truely his wife) who meeting him at his dore ſaluted him, calling him kinſeman, and withall asked how his coſen his wife did, ſaying hee would bee ſo bold as to goe in and ſee her. I pray you do, ſaid the goodman, and yet before you goe a word with you. With all my heart, replide the ſcholler: then ſaid the malt-man, ſince I came acquainted with you and other kinde gentlemen my kinred, I haue learnt two Latine verſes, and I would know the meaning of them. Let me heare them ſaid the yong ſtudent: that you ſhall ſaid the townesman, and theſe be they.

Tuta frequenſque via eſt, per amici fallere nomen:
Tuta frequenſque licet ſit via, crimen habet.

Now, ſaid he, I pray you tell me them in Engliſh, I am not ſo good a ſcholler at the firſt ſight to explaine them, replied the ſtudent. Then I am ſaid the married man, and this it is:

Friendſhip with greateſt ſafetie doth deceaue,
And yet though ſafe, tis knauiſh by your leaue.

Hereupon hee fell a laughing, ſaying, I thinke I haue now paid you home, and ſo away hee went, leauing the ſtudent to goe viſit his wife.

Which

Which if ſhe do, then is her reaſon ſtrong,
Thee to accuſe, that doſt her cauſleſſe wrong.
Remoue all cauſes what ſo ere they be,
Which to her name may coople infamy.
And if ſhe needes will caſt away all ſhame,
Yet let the world know thou art not to blame.
I know no other rules to ſet thee downe,
How thou maieſt keep vnſtaind thy wiues renowne.
Nor how thou maiſt keep men from hauing power,
Thy wiues chaſt honours baſely to deuoure.
c And yet Ile tell thee this, if ſhe haue will
To tread awry, thou muſt not thinke through skill
To mend her, for ſhe is paſt all recure,
And what ſhe will do thou muſt needes indure.
Doe what thou canſt by art or obſeruation,
She will create thee of a forked faſhion.
All's one if thou do vſe her ill or well,
When women are reſolu'd ſpight heauen or hell
They will ſtrike ſaile, and with laſciuious breath,
Bid all men welcome though it be their death.
And for you ſhall not iuſtly thinke I lie,
Lend but your eare to this true hiſtory.

There was a Painter whom I cannnot name, A tale.
That vſed much to picture out the Diuell,
With face and eies fit for a louely dame:
Nor clouen feet, nor hornes, nor any euill.
So faire he made him, and ſo formally,
As whiteſt ſnow, or pureſt Iuory.

The diuell who thought it very great diſgrace,
The Painter ſhould orecome in curteſie:
Appear'd vnto him face to face,
Declared what he was in breuity:

c Many hold of opinion that to be a cuckold is deſtiny and not their wiues diſhoneſties, as a good fellow in the world ſaid to a friend of his, who telling him hee was ſory that ſo honeſt a man as he ſhould be abuſed as hee was, ſeeing the fault was his wiues and not his. I thanke you neighbour (replied he) for your good conceit of me: but I aſſure you I thinke it was not her fault, but rather mine owne fortune that made me a cuckold: for I verily beleeue whoſoere I had married would haue bin naught as wel as ſhe. Nay then (quoth his neighbor) if you thinke ſo, God forbid I ſhould diſſwade you from an opinion you hold ſo confidently, and ſo left him.

And that he came but onely to requite,
His paines in painting him ſo faire and white.

And therefore wild him aske what ſo he would,
Aſſuring him to haue his whole requeſt.
The wretch who had a wife of heauenly mould,
Whoſe beautie brought his iealous braines vnreſt:
Intreated for the ending of that ſtrife,
Some meanes to be aſſured of his wife.

Then ſeem'd the diuell to take a goodly ring,
An put it on his finger, ſaying this;
So long as thou ſhalt weare this pretty thing,
Thou maieſt be ſure ſhe cannot doe amiſſe.
But if thou vſe to leaue this ring vnworne,
Nor man nor diuell can keep thee from the horne.

Glad was this man, and with his gladneſſe waked,
But ſcarce had he opened both his eies,
Before he felt his wife ſtarke belly naked:
And found his finger hid betweene her thighes.
Remembring then his dreame how it concluded,
He thought the Diuell had him in ſleep deluded.

And yet not ſo (quoth he) for it is true.
If ſo we meane our wiues ſhall be no ſlingers,
There is no ſuch deuiſe, nor old nor new,
As ſtill to weare ſuch rings vpon our fingers:
For elſe though all our haires were watchful eies,
We ſhould not ſee their ſubtill treacheries.

Nor can this policy ſcarce vs auaile,
For if ſhe meaneth *Chaucers* ieſt to trie,
She to another will her loue entaile,
Although ſhe knew ſhe for the ſame ſhould die.

[d] The ſlie Venetian lockt his Ladies ware,
Yet through her wit *Acteons* badge he bare.

My Lord, few married men do liue content,
Their wiues as croſſes vnto them are ſent:
So muſt I ſay the ſingle life is ill,
Sith in the ſame dwels many troubles ſtill.
[e] Yet better tis in purgatorie dwell
A little ſpace, then alwaies liue in hell.
What my beſt ſtrength of reaſons are you ſee,
And therefore your owne caruer you may be.
[f] T'is all but one reſolue, who ere is borne
To marry, likewiſe muſt poſſeſſe the horne.
Yet I but merrily do write and ieſt,
The married mans eſtate of all is beſt:
And they who cannot chaſtly lead their liues,
May in the world find many worthy wiues.
One of the beſt of which I wiſh to you,
One that is louing, loyall, wiſe and true.

[d] *Antonio Siluio* a noble man of Venice, hauing a maruellous faire woman vnto his wife, and being ſent embaſſador into *Germany* vnto the Emperour thē liuing, the *Signori* of Venice, was ſo iealous ouer her, as hee deuiſed a moſt wonderfull, ſtrange and artificiall locke & key *per la Fica ſua*, which the good Lady tooke ſo vnkindly (being miſtruſted without cauſe) that he no ſooner was gone onward on his iourney, but that ſhe by the counſel & perſwaſion of her amorous ſeruant (aſſiſted by the cunning deuiſe of a moſt ingenious & excellent workman, a Dutchman) got a falſe key for the lock, & ſo enioyed her louing friend all the abſence of her husband, who returning home againe neuer perceiued the fraud: But after the death of this Lady, the knowledge wherof cōming to the *Signori* of Venice, they for the ſtrangenes of the matter, cauſed the lock & chain to be amōgſt their other chiefe monumēts in *Graund Sala* in S. *Marks* palace, it is made of ſiluer plate, very thin, & in proportiō not much vnlike a horſe-ſhoe, with ſmall little holes in the midſt, and is as ſmooth at the one end as at the other, hauing two little ſmall chaines which came round about her middle, and were ſhut cloſe on each ſide with a lock, it is at this day with other antiquities to be ſeen there.

[e] The Poet compareth marriage to Purgatory, whereas they ſay they continue in paine but for a certaine time. But the Batchellors life he termeth hell, becauſe in reſpect of the comforts in marriage, it may be termed a helliſh life, or elſe he termeth the batchellors life hell, becauſe he thinks that none perhaps liue honeſt vntil they be married: & therefore in the greater danger if they die not maides. [f] Our Poet here is very merry with his kinſeman, eſpecially being an Italian, who of all ſports cannot abide any ieſt that ſauoreth of the horn, for if he ſay

Ioco di mano; Ioco di villano
No doubt, *Pigliara nel gran ſcorno*
Il Ioco delle corno.

But in the end he maketh him amends, wiſhing him as good a wife as good may be, euen the beſt amongſt women.

The fift Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

Hee sheweth by occasion of a certaine kinde of gouernment or Liuetenancie ouer a country which the Duke of Ferrara bestowed vpō him, how vnfit he was for any thing but onely for the Muses. And that to be a louer is the greatest fault and greatest absurdity that anyman can commit.

To Master *Sigismond Malaguzzo.*

THis day hath fully sum'd an euen yeare,
Since hither first I made my sad repaire:
(Leauing *Ferrara*, where I first drew breath,
By endlesse toile to hasten speedy death)
[a] Hither where swift Turrita, Serchio meetes,
Betwixt two bridges whence their billowes fleetes.
Making continuall noise through diuers springs,
Which their owne flowing waters to them brings.
To gouerne as the Duke did me assigne,
[b] His poore distressed flocke of Graffanine,
[c] Which crau'd his aid assoone as *Leo* died,
Because the Romish yoke they would not bide,
Euen *Leo* who with much sterne crueltie,

[a] Two riuers so called, not farre from the Apenine mountaines.

[b] A little town vpon the borders of the Dukedome of Ferrara, & in these daies somewhat dangerous by reason of the woods and mountaines there abouts, where a number of Bandity kept.

[c] Leo the 10. was no sooner dead but *Alphonso* Duke of Ferrara, entred into the field with an hundred men at armes, two thousand foot, & three hundred light horsemen, & so went to incampe before *Cento*, after he had recouered by the will of the Italians Bondena, Finale, the mountaine of Modena, and Graffagnana, and other townes about Romagnia which *Leo* had taken from him, although he challenged them to be his.

Had

Had brought them to the gate of miſerie,
And worſe had done, but that the mightie hand
Of heauen, did all his tyrannies with ſtand.
And this the firſt time is in all this while,
That euer I did write or ought compile:
Or to the learned Muſes haue made ſute,
But dumbly liued, tong-tide and ſadly mute,
The ſtrangeneſſe of this place hath ſo diſmaid me,
That like a fearefull bird I durſt not play me,
Who hauing changd her cage, flutters her wing,
And through amazement ſcard, doth feare to ſing.
(Kinde kinſman) that my caſe is in this ſorte,
And that from me thou haſt not heard reporte.
Wonder thou not, but rather doe admire,
That in this ſpace my breath did not expire,
Seeing I am an exild man, at leaſt,
An hundred miles from that I fancie beſt,
Since riuers, rocks, and mountaines boue the skies,
[d] Keepes me from her is dearer then mine eies.
All other buſineſſes which me concerne.
I can excuſe, and from mine caſe doe learne,
To make my friends conceiue in generall,
That all my greateſt faults are veniall.
But to thy ſelfe I will in plaine phraſe ſpeake,
And all mine inward cogitations breake.
To thee Ile ſhriue my ſelfe, for thou ſhalt know,
Both how my wiſedome and my follies growe,
Where as to others ſhould I ſo much tell,
My folly would be made my paſſing bell,
To ring my death of wit, whilſt with ſterne looke,
The world would hardly my confeſſion brooke:
Saying no queſtion he is mightie wiſe,
Which can ſee nothing, yet hath both his eies,
And is moſt fit to be a foole to other,
When his affects he can nor rule nor ſmother.
Fie to be fiftie yeares and yet to glowe,

d *Arioſto* had no fault, but onely that he loued *Venerie*, which was a veniall ſinne amongſt the Italians.

As if I did fully fifteene knowe,
And then he tels the ſcriptures ſtricteſt lawes,
Both ſcriu'ners ordages, and old mens ſawes.
Well though I erre, I am not fully blinde,
But can my blouds fault in large meaſure finde:
And which is more, I doe condemne the ſame,
And not as others doe, defend my ſhame.
e He is the rather to be pitied in that he confeſſeth his fault, beeing ſorrie for it, & willingly would he haue amended it, but that he could not.
e But what auailes my penance, when neareleſſe
I know my faults, yet make my faults no leſſe,
Or ſince no precious Antidote I finde,
To heale the ranckling vlcer of my minde:
But thou art wiſer, ſince when thou doſt pleaſe,
Thou canſt affectious ſickneſſes appeaſe,
Which being hid in man, Nature doth mix,
And to mans inward ſoule the ſame doth fix.
This is the worſt the world of me can ſay,
Whoſe ill perhaps may haue a worſe diſplay
Then it deſerues, although ſome verball care
They haue of me, when great their ſorrowes are,
(And would haue more) if I could this redreſſe,
And theſe my fleſhly motions quite ſuppreſſe.
Thoſe which in this world ſpeake moſt curiouſly,
Cloſe in their hearts the deepeſt iniurie.
Thou knowſt I know the world hath many a ſlaue
That wil blaſpheme, ſweare, curſe, be mad and raue,
Accuſing others that they cuckolds be,
When his weake iudgement hath no power to ſee,
How goodly, large and ſpreading is that horne,
Which his owne forehead many yeares hath borne:
Other diſeaſes euery one can ſpie,
But none will mend his owne deformity.
We can reproue in ſtrangers whats amiſſe,
And ſee not in our ſelues what vilder is,
We take delight that we can reprehend,
When t'were more generous our ſelues to mend.
The wallet which behind hangs with ſins ſtore,

We neuer ſee, our eies are both before.
I neither kill, nor ſtrike, nor doe contend,
Nor am I hurtfull, but the whole worlds frend,
The worſt I doe, is that I onely grieue,
Becauſe I cannot with my miſtres liue,
And thinke it torment more then torments be,
To liue from her which onely liues in me,
And yet I not forget t'acknowledge this,
That herein onely I doe ſtill amiſſe:
Yet not ſo ill but that by interceſſion
I may be pardond through mine owne confeſſion.
The vulgar ſort with water oftentimes,
(Not onely greater faults then my ſmall crimes)
Waſh cleane away, but (which breeds greater ſhame
Baptiſeth vice with noble vertues name.
[f] *Hermilian* that is growne ſo couetous,
(As to behold the ſame tis monſtrous)
Nor reſts by day nor ſlumbers in the night,
But makes his gold his God and his delight,
No loue of friend or brother wil he hold,
Hates his owne ſelfe, loues nothing but his gold,
Yet is eſteemd a man of induſtry,
Of perfit wiſedome and great policie.
Rainard ſwels big and doth diſdaine his ſtate,
Lookes as the world would tremble at his hate.
He thinks himſelfe what he can neuer be,
And feeds his hopes with idle imagery,
He will ſurpaſſe in ſpending ill got wealth,
And in apparel goes beyond him ſelfe.
A ſteward he will haue, a huntſman, faulkoner,
A cooke, a chamberlaine, and a curious caruer.
Lordſhips he ſels, and makes them fly away,
A mannor or a parke goes euery day.
What his old aunceſtry had many yeares
Gathered together, and left vnto their heires,
That with immoderate lauiſhnes he ſpends,

f By *Hermilian Rainard* and others, hee ſheweth how many in the world commit groſſer faults by farre then he did, & yet what they doe paſſeth for currant, and are not condemned of the worlde.

And

And through the world in all diſorders ſends.
But what for this? none murmures at his will,
Nor doth demaund why he conſumes thus ill:
But rather cals him moſt Magnanimus,
Moſt bountifull, gallant and vertuous.
The common ſort the Hydra multitude,
Thus with their flattery doe him delude.
Solonio ſo much buſineſſe takes in hand,
And meddles ſo with all things in the land,
That euen the waight is able to confound
The ſtrongeſt horſe that euer trod on ground.
Within the cuſtome houſe he hath a charge,
And in the Chancery, a pattent large,
To Ports and Keies immediately he flies,
Where both his profit and commandment lies.
g To Caſtell Angelo then will he ſcower,
And all this done in minute of an howre,
The very quinteſcenſe of all his braines,
He doth diſtill to bring the Pope newe gaines,
Nor doth his cares or painful ſtudies end
To any thing ſaue profit onely tend,
It ioyes his hart when he heares Rumor ſay,
That with his toiles he waſtes his life away,
And ſo that to his Lord he crownes may bring,
He nor reſpects acquaintance, friend nor kinne.
The people hate him, and they haue good cauſe,
Since it is true, tis he which onely drawes
The Pope to plague the Citie, and ſtill lades
Her with newe cuſtomes, taxes and intrudes.
Yet a Magnifico this fellow is,
High ſtated and can nothing doe amiſſe.
Whilſt like to peaſſants noblemen not dare
To come to him and their great ſuits declare:
But they muſt cap and crouch and bare head ſtand,
As if he were the Monarch of the land.
Laurino takes vpon him (of pure zeale)

g One of the ſtrongeſt and richeſt places in Rome belonging to the Pope, which Pope *Clement* the eight beſtowed vpon his nephew *Don Pietro*, it being worth better then 12000 crownes by the yeere.

In vpright iuſtice, chiefe affaires to deale,
His country heele defend through his deſarts,
Whilſt publike good to priuate he conuarts,
Three he exiles, but ſix to death he ſends,
Begins a Fox, but like a Lion ends.
From tyrannie his ſtrength he doth create,
Whilſt gifts and bribes doe euen dam vp his gate:
The wicked he doth raiſe, the good keepes downe,
And yet this man is rich in all renowne,
He is renound to be both iuſt and good,
When he is full of whordome, theft and blood:
Where he ſhould honour giue, he giues diſgrace,
Malice with pride, & pride with wealth doth place,
Whom he ſhould moſt releeue, he moſt offends,
His ope-eied Iuſtice, loues none but his friends,
Crowes oft for Swans & Swans he takes for Crowes,
Now knewe this Iuſtice but my loue-ſick woes,
VVhat ſower faces from him would apeare,
Like him that on a cloſe-ſtoole ſtraining were.
VVell let him ſpeake his pleaſure with the reſt,
I care not for their ſpeeches, thats the beſt,
Only thee which art mine onely frend,
I doe confeſſe my pleaſures are at end,
Since I firſt hither (gainſt my wil) was toſt,
My ioyes are gone and my delights are loſt.
This of my reaſons I haue chiefeſt tride,
Though others more I could alledge beſide,
VVhy I haue left *Pernaſſus* learned mount,
Nor with the Muſes talkt as I was wont,
Then when with thee in Reggio I did ſtay,
(My natiue ſoile) and paſt the time away,
In all beſt Iouiall ſollace and delight,
Priding my ſelfe in waightie verſe to write,
Thoſe glorious places did me ample good,
Reuiu'd my ſpirits and inflam'd my blood.

h He diſcribeth a maruailous dainty bãqueting houſe in Reggio, belonging to the Mallaguzzi, & called ſo becauſe it is built after the maner of the buildings in Barbary, full of great & wide windowes for coolenes in ſommer, and beautified with many excellent and admirable pictures, & ſtatues of great price & worth.

h Thy Mauritanian lodge for banqueting,
Withall the worthieſt pictures flouriſhing,
And call my *Rodanus* not farre from thence,
Of water nimphes the choiſeſt reſidence,
Thy chriſtall fiſhponds, and thy garden, which
A ſiluer ſpring with moiſture doth inrich,
Watring by Arte thoſe checkerd flowers ſtill,
And in the end fals downe into a Mill.
O how I wiſh for that and for the reſt,
Which whilſt I did enioy my ſenſe was bleſt.
Nor can my memorie forgoe the thought,
Of thoſe braue vines from fertill *Luco* brought,
Thoſe valleies, nor thoſe hils, nor that high Tower
Can I forget, where I haue many an hower
Repoſd, and ſearcht out euery ſhadowie place,
The Freſco coole I loued to imbrace:
Whilſt I one booke or other would tranſlate,
Which forraine Authors did communicate.
O then I youthfull was and in my prime,
My yeeres euen April, or the ſprings beſt time,
Which now are like October ſomewhat colde:
For I begin, and ſhall ere long be olde.
But neither can the fountaine Hellicon,
Nor Aſcras valleies, no nor any one
Be of the power to make my verſes ſing,
Vnleſſe my hart be free from ſorrowing:
Which being ſo, then this place where I dwell,
Is not for ſtudy, ſith it is my hell,
When here no pleaſure is, nor any ioy,
More then diſſention, horror and anoy.
This ſoile I barraine and vnwholſome finde,
Subiect to ſtormes, to tempeſts and to winde.
One part is hillie, th'other lowe and plaine,
VVherein there doth no pleaſantnes remaine.
The place wherein I liue is like a cell,

Deepe

Deepe and deſcending downeward as to hell.
From hence theirs none can come at any time,
Vnleſſe he paſſe the Riuer Appenine.
I tell thee gentle Cuz, ill is my taking,
Since thus of all my friends I am forſaken.
For ſtay I in my houſe, or to the aire,
Seeke to disburthen ſome parte of my care:
Nothing I heare but ſpightfull accuſations,
Brawles, brabbles or more ſhamefull acclamations,
Murthers and thefts, and ſuch like villanie,
To which I muſt attend moſt patiently.
This is the cauſe I one while am compeld
VVith mildeſt reaſons to make ſome men yeild,
Others to threaten, and by force to drawe,
Others to puniſh by ſtrict penall lawe,
Some I abſolue, to ſome I pardon giue,
In hope hereafter they will better liue.
Then to the Duke I ſtraight doe packets write,
For counſaile or for ſoldiers which muſt fight,
i To th'end thoſe outlawes which about me ſtay,
May or be ſlaine, or driuen quite away:
For one thing I muſt let thee vnderſtand,
That in moſt wretched ſtate abides this land.
k Since the wilde Panther firſt, the Lyon then,
Did in this wofull country make their den.
So many lurking theeues doe here abide,
And in ſuch numbers flock on euerie ſide,
As not the beſt commanders which we haue,
(VVhoſe charge is to purſue them to the graue:
Dares with his enſignes ſpread their ſtrengths inuade
Such prooſes the ſlaues haue of their valors made:
So that he wiſeſt is which ſafe doth ſtand,
And ſtirs not to take danger by the hand.
Still I doe write, and write to him againe,
VVhom it concernes, but all my labours vaine:
For though he ſend (as reaſon is he ſhould)

i *Leo* the Pope vſed the people of this country ſo hardly, that they tooke vp armes amongſt themſelues and became rebels.
k Some think by the Panther he meant *Iulius* the ſecond, not long before Pope, and by the Lyon *Leo* the tenth.

Yet he not ſends that anſwere which I would,
[l] Each Caſtel armes (within it ſelfe) doth take,
And foureſcore three in number they doe make
Of periur'd rebels, who malitiouſly
Spoile their owne country with hoſtilitie.
Iudge then if great *Apollo* when I call,
Wil come or ſhew himſelfe to me at all,
Leauing his Cynthien or his Delphian ſhore,
To heare theſe brabbles which he doth abhorre,
Both he and all his ſacred ſiſters nine,
To looke vpon ſuch places doe repine:
But here thou maiſt demand of me the cauſe
VVhich me to this vexation headlong drawes,
Leauing my ſtudie with obſcure neglect,
And my deare miſtreſſe without all reſpect.
O Cuz, thou know'ſt I neare was couetous,
Nor from ambition haue beene enuious.
VVith a poore pention I haue beene content,
VVhich in Ferrara got I there haue ſpent,
But thou perhaps this chance didſt neuer know,
That when the warres began with vs to grow.
[m] The Duke but ſlowly did my penſion pay,
And at the laſt did take it quite away.
During the warres I grieu'd not to be barde
Of my beſt due, but when as afterward,
All things was quiet and the world at peace,
It troubled me to ſee my paiment ceaſe.
[n] And ſo much more, ſince by ill boading fate,
I then had loſt an office in the ſtate.
In Millain, through this vnexſpected warre,
Hoping in vaine, ſhort time would end the iarre,
Horſes doe ſterue (they ſay) whilſt graſſe doth ſpring,

[l] Foureſcore and three Caſtels or ſmall villages were there in all, which were riſen vp in armes by reaſon they were ſo mightily oppreſſed by Pope Leo.

[m] When *Arioſto* firſt followed the Duke of Ferrara, hee of his own voluntarie minde beſtowed a yeerely penſion of him, but afterwards hauing warres with the Pope and the Venetians, both at one time, he withdrew his former liberalitie, nor when they were ended did hee reſtore the ſame vnto him againe, which *Arioſto* tooke very vnkindly.

[n] *Aliud ex alio malum*, here is one miſcheefe vpon an others neck, he no ſooner loſt his penſiõ in Ferrara, but his office which the Cardinal *Hypolito* had beſtowed vpon him in Millain, was taken from him by reaſon of the ciuill warres in Italie alſo.

And

And I found he ſaid true that ſo did ſing.
At laſt vnto the Court I weary came,
And thus my ſuit vnto the Duke did frame.,
My gratious Lord (ſaid I) vouchſafe ſome gaine
Vnto the elder merits of my paine.
Or ſuffer me that I may elſe purſue
My fortunes ſome where elſe, and not with you.
The *Graffanini* at that time by chance,
Began themſelues with courage to aduance,
°Being perſwaded by *Marzoccus* ſong,
To leaue the Pope who then had done them wrong.
And thereupon ſent many embaſies,
Vnto our Duke their mindes to ſpecifie.
Th'effect was this, they humbly craue,
They might their auntient priuiledges haue.
With their old cuſtomes wherto hees content,
And they forthwith yeeld to his gouernment.
And hence it came out of ſome ſodaine grace,
I choſen was to gouerne in that place.
Either becauſe the time ſo ſhort did grow,
That well he knew not where he might beſtow
The office but on me, or for I beſt,
Might ſpared be as one of merit leſt,
For which I count my ſelfe with humbleneſſe
Bound by this grace vnto his mightineſſe.
It is his loue which bindes me to his grace,
For which I thanke him more then for this place.
Which though beyond my ſpirits it aſpire,
Yet doth it not accord with my deſire.
Now if about theſe rebels you demand,
What mine opinion is: it thus doth ſtand.
They rather did deſerue ſeuerity,
Then any touch of gentle lenitie:
For when I do but call into my minde,

° This was the chiefe captaine of the rebels, who did perſwade his companions to leaue the Pope, and yeeld vnto the Duke of Ferrara, which vpon the conditions aforeſaid, they did. Whereupon the Duke ſent *Arioſto* thither as gouernour (to make him amends for his late vnkindnes) where he behaued himſelfe ſo wiſely, that he brought the country into great quietnes, in ſuch wile as when he came from them hee left them in a maner in good peace and concord, although whileſt he remained there, hee was much diſcontented and diſquieted in mind.

How periur'd and perfidious I them finde,
Although what ere I did was ſtill to eaſe them,
Yet theres no doubt but I did ſtill diſpleaſe them.
They nor like me, nor I their country loue,
And therefore daily pray for my remoue.
In this I do reſemble *Æſops* Cocke,
Who hauing found a pearle, the ſame did mocke.
A place I haue obtain'd of gaine and fame,
And yet (in ſooth) I care not for the ſame.
A tale. As with the ſea Venetian, ſo with me
It fares, to whom a ſwift-foot barbarie,
(A gallant horſe) was giuen by the king,
A Portugale for ſome great meriting,
Who for he would ſhew that he did accept,
His royall gift, and not the ſame reiect,
(Forgetfull how the difference to diſcerne,
T'ixt vſe of bridles, and the the tall ſhips ſterne;
Mounts on his back, and therewith taketh hold,
Vpon the pannell, like a horſe-man bold,
That done he ſtrikes his ſpurs into his ſide,
Saying ſoftly to himſelfe, for all thy pride,
Thou ſhalt not fling me downe do what thou can,
If the girths hold, Ile ſhew my ſelfe a man.
The fiery iade, feeling the wounding ſpurre,
Began to plunge, to bound and keep a ſturre:
Which when the good old Sea-man felt, he more,
Drawes in his bridle then he did before:
And ſpurs him worſe, both on the flankes and ſide,
Till with his bloud his riders heeles were dide.
The horſe not vſed to be ridden ſo,
Nor can his riders doubtfull meaning know,
The bridle holding backe, and bidding ſtand,
The ſpurre to go on forward doth command.
But in the end, madly reſolu'd thereon,
Flat on the ground he flings ſir *Pantalon*.
Our great *Magnifico* lies on his back,

And

And cries as he were torturd on a racke.
With thighes all ſore, and ſhoulders out of ioint,
His head ſore bruiſde, his heart at deaths laſt point,
All pale with griefe and feare in pitteous wiſe,
Be ſmeard with durt, at laſt he vp doth riſe:
Right malecontented that he was ſo mad,
To deale in that where he no iudgement had.
Farre better had he done, and ſo had I,
He with his horſe, I with this country,
T'haue ſaid my Liege, or Lord, I am not fit
For this high place, nor do I merit it.
This bountie doth exceed what I deſerue,
Let it ſome better worthes, and not mine ſerue,
If either I or he had beene thus plaine,
I had had much more eaſe; he leſſer paine.

The sixt Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

Hee sheweth what qualities a good Schoolemaster ought to haue, and how hardly any is found honest of that coat, and in the end setteth downe certaine grieuous losses which hee endured in his youth time.

To Mr. *Peter Bembo.*

BEmbo, [a] I nothing couet or require,
(Though tis the carefull parents strong desire)
[b] So much as I might my *Virginio* see,
Rarely instructed in Philosophie,
Which who so hath he then is in request,
And may take vp his ranke amongst the best.
Now since I know that thou most learned art,
And of each liberall science holdst best part:
Euen from my best of loue, I humbly craue
That of this youth, some watchfull care thou haue
And yet I would not haue thee to conceiue,
That with thee any trouble I would leaue:
Or that I would thou shouldst his Pedant be,
To teach him Grammar rules industriously:
Tis not my mind: for I would haue thee know,
Better good manners doth within me grow.
Such men of worth as thou, and of thy place,

a He wrot this Satyre before *Bembo* was Cardinal, who as *I* said before was Secretary to *Leo* the 10. who aduanced him to that degree.

b Although he were neuer married yet had hee two sons by a very faire woman called *Alessandra*, wherof this *Virginio* whom he loued best was one. The other was called *Gran Baptista*, but the Lady to whom hee was deuoted most, was called *Genevera*, as hee himselfe confesseth in his seuenth Canzon or sonnet, where he doth figuratiuely set it downe in a most scholler like manner.

With

With theſe diſparagements we do not diſgrace:
Onely my meaning is that at thy leaſure,
Thou wouldſt vouchſafe to do me that hie plea-
As to bethinke thee, if vnto this end, (ſure.
Thou knowſt in Venice any worthy friend,
Or elſe in Padoa mongſt the learned throng,
Who ſpeaks the Grecian & the Caldean tongue,
Skilfull in knowledge, iuſt in deed and word,
With whom he may haue learning, and his board.
If ſuch a one thou knowſt of worth and skill,
He ſhall (with reaſon) haue what ere he will:
Let him be learned, but eſpecially
Looke that his life be fixt to honeſty:
For if in vertue he do not ſurmount,
Of th'other qualities I make no account.
T'is eaſie to find learned, but we can
Hardly find out a learned honeſt man.
For in this age, who moſt of art doth braue,
Hath oft moſt vice (reading makes him a knaue)
[c] Beſides, the *Peccadillos* ſmal of Spaine,

c This is a common ſpeech in Italy when any hath cõmitted any notable or horrible ſinne, they terme it *Ironice*, or a ſmall Peccadillo of Spaine: which grew firſt from this occaſion. A certaine Caualier of Spaine came to his Cõfeſſor to be ſhriuen of his ſinne, to whom the Frier giuing eare, he began to tel him that he had mightily offended in pride. His Ghoſtly father told him, that it was the root of all euill, and the chiefe preſident of al the other deadly ſinnes: but ſaid hee, deſpaire not, and beleeue faithfully, and thou mayeſt be forgiuen, and the rather becauſe all Spaniards by nature are proud and ſurly. Secondly he told him he was giuen to be very wrathfull and full of choller: and this, anſwered the Frier, is another deadly ſin, and yet pardonable, in that you being a Souldier and a braue man at armes, ought not to pocket vp any indignitie or abuſe: eſpecially if it were to the diſparagement of your honour. Thirdly he ſaid, he was giuen to luſt and lecherie: and that replied the Confeſſor, is a heauy ſinne: yet may proue to be light through grace, and may well bee forgiuen as veniall, becauſe thou art a luſty young man, and in the prime of heat and youth, and no doubt but age will tame it in you. Fourthly he ſaid he was giuen much to gluttony, & that (ſaid his Ghoſtly father) may be pardoned, in that when you liue at home at your owne houſe, you liue with little, not ſurfeting in meat or drinke, as you doe when you are abroad. To conclude, the Spaniard told the Frier, he was guilty of the other three ſinnes, which were Sloth, Enuy and Couetouſneſſe: the more is the pitty (anſwered the Prieſt) yet for your ſloth, take more paines hereafter: In ſtead of being enuious, be louing & charitable: And for your couetouſneſſe, entertaine liberality & bounty, which will bring you ſoone to heauen, and ſo God forgiue you & I do. And hauing ſo ſaid, he roſe to go his way, when the Spaniard ſtaying him with his hand, told him, he had one little thing more to tell him of. The Frier asked him what it was. He replied, that it was a matter of no moment, & a meere trifle. Yet (quoth the other) cleare your conſcience of all, how you haue begun. But ſaid the Spaniard it is not worth the ſpeaking of, it is nothing, *Nados, nados, Peccadillos, peccadillos*. The Frier hearing him make ſo ſmall account of the ſame, & yet not willing to diſcloſe it, was the more earneſt with him to tel it. Whereupon on the ſuddaine, the Spaniard burſt out into theſe words. *Non credo in Deos*: I do not beleeue in God. The Frier hearing him ſay ſo, bleſt himſelf with the ſigne of the croſſe, as if he had bin ſome diuel, & away he got from him as faſt as euer he could trudge. And euer

They ſay he in his ſpeeches doth maintaine.
Of *Atheiſme* they him challenge and approue,
The faith Apoſtolike he doth not loue:
Nor of that Vnitie (admired moſt)
Betwixt the Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt.
He cannot thinke how th'one from th'other goes,
Like diuers ſprings which frō one fountaine flowes.
Nor can he in his ſenſe conceiue how one,
Should or be three, or that three ſtill be one.
He rather thinketh that if hold he ſhall,
An argument quite oppoſite to all.
Conteſting with all ſacred verity,
Alledging for ſound reaſon Sophiſtrie.
That then his wit is excellent and rare,
And his conceit beyond the beſt compare.
Making the world beleeue he climbs the aire,
And reaches to *Iehouahs* ſacred chaire.
d If *Nicoletto* preaching holy writ,
Or famous *Martin* with his learned wit:
Suſpected be of infidelity,
Or if they chaunce to hold ſtrong hereſie:
Their too much knowledge, I accuſe thereof,
Nor will I angry be thereat or ſcoffe,
Sith their ambitious ſpirits mounting hie,
To ſearch Gods deep forbidden ſecreſie.
No maruel t'is though they confounded are,
When they beyond their ſtrengths will wade ſo far.
But thou whoſe ſtudy is humanity,
Wherein no ſuch depth lies confuſedly:
Whoſe ſubiects are the woods and ſhadowing hils,
Or chryſtall ſprings whence water clenſ'd diſtils:
Whileſt thou old martiall ſtories doſt rehearſe,
And blaze abroad in proud Heroicke verſe:
Or with the rhetoricke of ſweet words doſt moue,
And turneſt harſh thought vnto pliant loue.
Or elſe with pleaſing flattery too too baſe,

d Two famous Friers, the firſt of the order of S. *Auguſtine*, the other of S. *Francis*, & now of late daies, *Lupo Panigarola* & *Aqua pendente* haue beene counted very learned Preachers in the court of Rome, inſomuch that the Pope would ſay *Lupus monet, Panigarola ſuadet, & Aquapendente docet.*

Princes

Princes doſt praiſe when they deſerue diſgrace.
Tell me what thou in thy conceit doſt find,
That thou with madnes ſhouldſt perturb thy mind?
Or what doth with thy knowledge diſagree,
That thou as others ſhouldſt not honeſt be.
[e] The name thou didſt receiue when thou wert borne
Of Saint or of Apoſtle, thou doſt ſcorne:
When they thy ſuerties do Chriſtian make,
And ſo into the holy Church do take,
In *Coſnico* or in *Pomponio*,
Thou changeſt *Peter* to *Pierio*,
John into *Iano* or *Iouinian*:
Turning the cat *Reureſo* in the pan,
As if the worſe thou ſhouldſt be for the name,
Or thou thereby ſhouldſt purchaſe greater fame,
To be a better Poet, then if ſeriouſly,
Thou plid'ſt thy booke with leſſer vanity.
Such fooles as theſe are ſuch as *Plato* did,
From euery ciuill common-wealth forbid.
By his graue diſcreet lawes, Since he well knew,
Nor good nor profit would from them accrew.
Yet *Phœbus* muſicke nor *Amphions* art,
Shall not compare with theſe in any part.
Nor thoſe which firſt did holy verſe deuiſe,
Whoſe ſacred tunes perſwaded Angell wiſe,
Men for to liue with men, and to giue ore
To feed like beaſts on achornes (as before)
Whileſt in the woods and thickets wofully,
They ſauage like did range confuſedly.
Moſt true it is, ſuch as were ſtrongſt of all,
(Whoſe lawleſſ force the weakeſt did enthrall
Taking frō them their flocks, their food, their wiues,
And often times (without all cauſe) their liues)
At laſt became obedient to that law,
Which to be needfull for themſelues they ſaw,
Whileſt following plowes and tilling of the land,

e Many Italians both men and women will chuſe rather to bee called after the old Romans then as Chriſtians are, as *Peter* they will be called *Pierio*, for *Iohn*, *Iano*, for *Luke*, *Lucio*, for *Mark*, *Marco* & ſuch like.

They iuſtly got by labour of their hand,
And through the ſweat which iſſued frō their paines,
The worthy harueſt of their honeſt gaines.
Hence did the learn'd perſwade the ignorant,
And ſimple people, who did iudgement want:
That *Phœbus* built vp Troy with muſikes ſound,
And *Amphions* harp raiſ'd *Thebes* out of the ground:
That muſicke could make mountaines to obay,
And ſtones to daunce about when they did play:
As *Orpheus* did, who with his holy ſong,
Lions and Tygers drew with him along.
Yet think not though gainſt theſe of mine own coat,
I thus enueigh with loud and open throat:
But that (beſides vs Poets) I do ſee,
In other ſchoolemen as much vanitie,
Who do deſerue worſe puniſhment then ſpeach,
If to the world I durſt their crimes appeach.
f Tis not *Quintilian*, tis not he alone,
That doth his Schollers villanies bemone,
But others, whom if here I ſhould diſplay,
And tell their vices, thou wouldſt quickly ſay,
g That from *Piſtoius* cloſſet (not from mine)
h They ſtolne haue, and from *Peter Aretine*.

f Quintilian was the firſt famous Grāmarian that euer read openly in Rome.

g This was an excellent Orator, called *Gionandi Piſtoia*: He wrot diuers epiſtles in Italian, but very wanton which are much in requeſt amōgſt his countrymen the Italians.

h He meaneth frō ſome of *Aretynes* laſciuious workes, which are of great account in his cūtry. *Aretyne* was borne in *Arezzo*, a towne ſubiect to the duke of Florence, and where excellent diſhes are made of fine earth for banquering ſtuffe. At firſt he ſtudied diuinitie: But when he ſaw the Court of Rome to make no accoūt of vertuous learning, he gaue ouer that courſe, and writ moſt villanous bookes, as *Villa delle Monache, delle Maritate, & delle Curtezani*. He was ſuch a ſeuere taxer of Princes faults, which liued in his time, that he was called *Flagello delli Principi*, the ſcourge of Princes. He died in Venice, and lieth buried in *Sebaſtians* Church, with this Epytathe.

Qui iacet l'Aretin Amara Toſco,
Del ſemen humani la cia lingua traſiſſe,
Et viue, & morti ô Idnio mal diſſe:
Et ſi ſcuſo con dio I nol conoſco.
Here biting *Aretyn* lies buried,
With gall more bitter neuer man was fed.
The liuing nor the dead to carp he ſpared,
Nor he for any King or Keyſar cared.
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His ſcuſe was this (quoth he) I know him not.

From

From others ſtudies, honor oft and ſhame
I reape, and ſo with pleaſure mix defame:
Yet not in ſuch wiſe as when I doe ſpie,
That Poets praiſe as well doe liue as die.
More I doe grieue and inwardly lament,
[i] To heare how faire *Aonio* by conſent,
Is ſenſeleſſe held without all braine or wit,
And that the winde ſo wauering doth not flit:
Then if from ſome moſt fooliſh Doctors voice,
His neare Ally in folly and in choice,
I ſhould haue heard the ſame, to whō ſome foole
(Like to him ſelfe) in his vnlettred ſchoole,
The ſelfe ſame honor on his fame ſhould clap,
With a ſcarlet gowne, and formall corner cap.
[k] It greeues me more that weake *Placidian* ſtill
With feaſts and ſurfets ſhould his old age fill,
As when he did his youths firſt heate enioy,
And that from man he ſhould become a boy:
Then for to know how that the ſame diſeaſe,
Andronico my neighbour doth diſpleaſe,
Who hath poſſeſt it full this ſeauen yeare,
And yet (as at the firſt) is nothing cleare.
If it be told me, greedy *Pandarus*
Is ore much griping, *Curio* Iealious,
That *Ponticus* affects Idolatrie,
And *Flauius* ſweareth moſt egregiouſly:
It doth with ſpight go to my heart more neare,
Then when, for ſmall gaines I *Cuſatro* heare
Falſe Iudgements vpon any one to fix,
Or that *Maſſe Baptiſt* doth ſtrong poiſon mix
Amongſt his Phiſick, whilſt (through trechery)
His ſpaniſh figs kils vs vnnaturally.
Or, ſith that Maſter in Theologie,
(The counterfeit of deepe Diuinitie)
Who (for the nonce) to doe his country wrong,
Mixeth his Burgamasks with the Tuſcan tongue,

[i] By this couert name he bewaileth the diſgrace of Poetry that is in this age.

[k] Vnder theſe faigned names of *Placidian* & others which follow after, as *Andronico*, *Pandarus*, *Curio*, *Pōticus*, *Flauius*, *Cuſatro* and the reſt, hee taxeth ſome great mē that haue liued, of grieuous faults.

Keepeth in pay a ſniueling durty whore,
Who at one birth two baſtards to him bore :
Whilſt for to pleaſe her greedy nere-fild gut,
He ſpends Gods cope vpon that brothell ſlut,
Though his owne ſterued mother mongſt the poore
Goes vp and downe, and begs from doore to doore:
Yet afterward I heare him bluſhleſſe cry,
As if he were nought elſe but ſanctitie.
Saying I am the man doth pray and faſt,
Giues almes, and leads my life pure virgine chaſt,
And which is more, thou knowſt, ô God aboue,
Deare as my ſelfe I doe my neighbour loue.
But neither this diſſembling nor the reſt,
Brings to my thoughts or trouble or vnreſt,
So that it ſhall nor breake my quiet ſleepe,
Nor me from foode or other pleaſures keepe.
It is not me, it is themſelues they wound,
The ſores whereof wil on their ſoules be found.
But to returne from whence this ſpeech me draue,
I for my ſonne would ſuch a Maſter haue,
As by my good will with theſe vgly crimes,
Should nor be ſtaind, nor challeng'd by the times:
One that would truly make him vnderſtand,
From the great language (ſo loued in our Land)
What politick *Vlyſſes* did at Troy,
Both of his trauels and his ſad anoy,
Or all that euer *Appolonius* writ,
Or what *Euripides* (that fount of wit)
With tragedies of ſtately *Sophocles*,
And the Aſtrean Poets workes of praiſe.
To them adde *Pindarus* whoſe famous bookes,
Called Galatea from the water-brookes:
With all thoſe other writers which ſo long
Haue beene renowned for the Greekiſh tongue,
Already hath my ſelfe taught him to know,
Virgil and *Ouid*, and *Horace* long agoe.

l He meaneth *Virginio* of whō we ſpake of before, who afterward became a Church man, & had very good eccleſiaſticall liuings, but his other ſonne *Gian Baptiſta* was a ſoldier, & became Captain of a band of men of the Duke of Feraras, of whom he was well accounted, & liued in good eſteeme with him.

m He meaneth *Homer* that famous Greeke Poet.

n *Appolonius* of the ſect of *Pythagorians*, wrot an excellent diſcourſe of his trauels in greeke, which is extant.

Plautus and *Terence* he doth vnderſtand,
And oft haue ſeene them acted in our land.
Thus (without me) by this his Latine aide,
o He may hereafter ſafe to *Delphos* traide,
Nor can he miſſe the way to Hellicon,
But ſafely to his iourneys end paſſe on,
Yet that his iourney may the ſafer be,
And he more ſtrengthned by his induſtry.
p I faine would haue for him a truſty guide, (tride,
Whoſe knowledge in theſe countries hath beene
My ſlothfulneſſe, or rather deſteny,
q Forbids my ſelfe to keepe him company.
From *Phœbus* Temple vnto *Delos* Ile,
As Roman gates I opened him erewhile,
My meaning is, that I am farre to ſeeke,
Though Latine I him taught, to teach him Greeke.
Alas, when firſt I was by nature giuen
To verſe, and not thereto by ſtrong hand driuen:
My bloome of youth being in the firſt apeare,
As hauing on my chinne not one ſoft heire,
My father with all rigor of his wit,
Quickly compels me to abandon it,
To ſtudy gloſſes and the ciuill Law,
In which fiue yeares I ſpent, but no good ſawe.
But when he from his wiſedome did perceiue
That I an endleſſe web began to weaue,
And that againſt my nature I did climbe,
The ſcale I loued not, and ſo loſt my time,
With much adoe he gaue me libertie,
And made his will my will accompany.
Now was I twentie yeares of age and more,
Nor had I any ſchoolemaſter before,
So as (to tell you true) I ſcarſe was able
To vnderſtand in *Æſope* any fable,
Till ſmiling fortune brought me to conuerſe,

o His meaning was when his ſonne had gotten the Latine tongue perfitly, then he ſhould learne the Greeke, and not before.

p *Arioſtos* care is to be commended, in that he is ſo deſirous to haue a good ſchoolemaſter for his ſonne.

q He was ſorrie he could not teach his ſonne Greeke as well as hee did Latine.

r With

r This was an excellent Latiniſt, and a good Grecian, and the beſt ſchoolemaſter that euer *Arioſto* had.

r With *Gregorie* of Spoleto whoſe commerce,
I ſhall renowne and euer loue his name,
Becauſe what skill I haue, from him it came.
In Romane language he was excellent,
And in the Grecian tongue as eloquent;
So that he well could iudge from skill profound,
Whoſe trumpet had the ſhrill or better ſound,
Or *Venus* ſonne, or *Thetis* louely boy:
But I in thoſe deepe iudgements tooke no ioy,
Nor ſought to knowe the wrath of *Hecuba*,
Nor how *Vlyſſes* ſlily ſtole away
From valiant *Rheſus*, both his life and horſe,
By art of wit, and not by manly force.
For I deſirous was to know at firſt,
Why to *Æneas*, *Iuno* was ſo curſt,
Or why her malice with prolixitie,
Held him from being king of Italie.
Beſides me thought no glorie would ariſe,
From the Greeke tongue, to me in any wiſe,
If firſt I did not Latine vnderſtand,
It being once the tongue of our owne Land.
Whilſt thus the one with induſtry I ſought,
Hoping the other would with eaſe be caught:
Angry occaſion fled me, for becauſe,
Offring her fore-lock, I did ſeeme to pauſe:
That hapleſſe dutcheſſe tooke my *Gregorie*
From me, to fix in her ſonnes company,
Whoſe Vnckle did vſurpe his ſouerainty,
For which ſhe ſaw reuenge ſufficiently.
(Though to her coſt) alaſſe why was't not ment,
That he which wrongs ſhould haue the puniſhment!

ſ He meaneth *Iſabel* daughter to *Alphonſo*, king of Naples, whoſe husband *Iohn Galeazzo Sforza* was duke of Millan, ouer which ſtate his vnkle *Lodwick* (ſurnamed the More, becauſe he was of a tawny cõplexion) did vſurpe, & in the end poiſoned his foreſaid nephew, who died at Pania, after whoſe death his ſonne called *Francis Sforza*, who maried *Beaterice* the daughter of *Hercules* Duke of Ferrara, beeing very young, ſucceeded his father in the Dukedome, but his foreſaid great vnckle *Lodowick* ruled all. To this yong Duke *Francis Sforza*, was *Gregorie di Spolete* tutor, by the meanes of *Iſabell* his mother.

The

t The vnckle and the nephew, ſuch was fate,
Loſt at one inſtant, kingdome, goods, and ſtate:
Both being conuaid cloſe priſoners into France,
One inſtant giuing date to each miſchance.
But *Gregorie* at the ſuite of *Iſabel*,
Followed his ſcholler whom he lou'd ſo well,
u To France he follow'd, where he liu'd, till death
Tooke from his beſt of friends their beſt of breath.
This loſſe ſo great, with other loſſes more,
Which (vnexſpected) I with patience bore,
Made me forget the Muſes, and my ſong,
And all that to my ſtudy did belong.
x Then dyed my father: from *Maria* now,
My minde I to *Maria* needs muſt bow,
I now muſt finde a husband who muſt take
One of my ſiſters to his louing make.
Then for another I muſt ſtraight prouide,
That to a leſſer charge I might be tide:
y For though the Land came vnto me as haire,
Yet others held in it with me a ſhare.
Then to my yonger brothers was I bound,
Who me a father in my loue haue found,
Doing that office which moſt dutiouſly
I ought performe to ſacred pietie.
Some of them vnto ſtudie did attaine,
Some in the Court did couet to remaine:
Each one to ſuch good courſes ſo well bent,
That to my conſcience they gaue good content,

t After *Lodowick* had a while vſurped vpō the duchie of Millan, which belonged vnto his Nephew, both he and his Nephew were betraied by the *Swizers*, & ſold vnto *Lewis* the 12. then King of France, who ſent them priſoners to the caſtell of Loches, wherein they remained as long as they liued. The aforelaid *Lodowick* was a Prince moſt excellent for his eloquence and induſtry, & for many good gifts of nature and ſpirit, a creature of very rare perfection, had he not beene of a too ambitious

and aſpiring minde: others reporte that there was no commendable qualitie in him, but giuen to be buſie headed and troubleſome, ſetting his neighbour Princes together by the eares: he was the firſt which brought *Lewis* the 12. King of France into Italie, being one of the chief occaſions of all the troubles that happened vnto hi country: others ſay he began an vſurper, liued a diſſembler, and dyed a begger, and which is worſe, a wretched priſoner. u *Gregorie* of Spoleto following the yong Duke *Francis Sforza* into France, within a while after dyed there. x When *Arioſto* was 24. yeares of age, his father died (who in his youth had beene a companion of Duke *Borzo*, & after that an officer to Duke *Hercules*) leauing his mother called *Maria* to liue with him, & another of his ſiſters called *Maria* alſo, for whom he was to prouide a dowrie. y Although *Arioſto* was the eldeſt ſonne, yet was he not left rich, becauſe his fathers liuing ſtoode moſt vpon offices and fees which died with him.

Whereby I ſaw their vertuous infancy,
Would ſaue their age from all indignitie:
Nor was this all the care which from my booke,
Kept my long thirſty and deſiring looke:
But many more, (though theſe ſufficient be)
That I was forc't in this extremitie,
To ty my Barke vnto the ſafe calme ſhore,
Leſt it ſhould faile at randon as before,
And ſo vnwares vpon the quick-ſands runne,
Whereby the reſt and I might be vndone.
z But I as then ſo many croſſes had,
And in ſo many folds of griefes was clad:
That I deſired nothing but my death,
As weary onely of a wearie breath.
a Ay me! as then my chiefeſt pleaſure died,
The columne whereon all my hopes relied,
He whoſe commerce did onely ioy my hart,
Gaue life vnto my ſtudie, bred mine art:
Whoſe ſweeteſt emulation made me runne,
That frō the world I might the goale haue wun.
My kinſman, friend, my brother moſt, moſt, deare
My heart, my ſoule, nay thē my ſoule more neare,
My beſt *Pandolpho* died, ô that my death
Had beene the happy ranſome of his breath.
O hard miſhap, ô cruell ouerthrow,
That to the *Arioſtian* houſe could grow,
To leſe their choiſeſt branch, their garlāds grace,
Whoſe like ſhall neuer grow in any place.
In ſo great honor liuing didſt thou liue,
That I but rightly ſaid, when I did giue
Thee firſt preheminence to vertues crowne,
In all Ferrara, or Bologna towne;
From whence thy noble anceſtors firſt came,
And at this day doe floriſh in the ſame.
If vertue honor giues, as vice diſgrace,

z He was ſo much perplexed with the charge of ſo great a familie as he had, and with beſtowing his ſiſters, and prouiding for his brothers, that he was in a maner ready to giue ouer his ſtudy, had not the emulation which he had with a gentleman of his own name & kinne, called *Pandolpho Arioſto*, ſtill renewed his former diſpoſition.

a *Pandolpho* his cheefe frēd and cōſin dying: he tooke his death ſo heauily, as for a while he gaue ouer his booke and ſtudy.

Then

Then neuer was there any of his place,
More likelier to obtaine in each degree,
All honor, worth, and famous dignity.
Now to my fathers death, and next to his,
(Two images my ſoule can neuer miſſe,)
[b] Adde how I was oppreſſed with the thrall,
Of ſeruitude vnto the Cardinall:
[c] And yet no Prince with him may be compar'd
For bounty, though to me perpetuall hard.
For from the time Pope *Iulio* was create,
Euen till his breath of life did conſummate,
And afterward, of *Leo* ſeauen yeare,
He did not ſuffer me ſtay any where,
And ſo my wits about his workes applide,
That in no certaine place I could bide:
That from a Poet I was ſtraight tranſuerted,
And to a worthleſſe Caualier conuerted.
[d] Note then if poſting alwaies vp and downe,
Through Cities, Courts, & euery country towne,
I could the Greeke or Chaldean tongue obtaine,
Whilſt to my ſelfe my ſelfe did not remaine.
Now I aſſure thee I do much admire,
That ſuch a fate my fate did not acquire,
[e] As did to that Philoſopher befall,
Vpon whoſe head a ſtone fell from the wall,
Whoſe very ſtroke did from his braine diſſeuer
All former thoughts and motions whatſoeuer.
But to be breefe good *Bembo* I thee pray,
(Ere I too late ſhould wiſh) elect the way,
To chooſe for my *Virginio* ſuch a frend,
As thy beſt iudgement may with worth cõmend,

b This was *Hypolito* the Cardinall, of whom we ſpake ſo much in the firſt Satyre, hauing receiued but ſmall kindneſſe for his great paines in ſeruice.

c The honeſt diſpoſition of the Poet, who commendeth the Cardinall, although he had no cauſe thereto.

d This was aboue 18. yeeres in all, all which time he followed the Cardinals ſeruice with exceeding great paines, yet receiued little or no benefit.

e *Aulus Gellius* maketh mẽtion of a certain philoſopher in Athens, who through a blow he had vpon the head with the fall of a great ſtone, fell into ſuch a ſtrange infirmity, that after he was recouered he loſt his memory, in ſuch wiſe, that he forgot that euer he was ſcholler, nor vnto his death could remember that euer he knew or had any learning at all.

That right might guide him to *Pernaſſus* hill,
Since I thereto haue neither fate nor skill:
Yet no ſuch Pedagogue I craue as this,
Whoſe ſtorie Ile relate, and this it is.

A Tale. There was an youth in Spaine, of ill-bred blood,
In learning poore, but rich in wordly good,
Whoſe frends when he was yong put him to ſchoole,
But all in vaine, the foole prou'd ſtill more foole.
At laſt a liuing of the Church there fell,
In that ſame towne where this rich foole did dwell:
And to the ſame a free ſchoole ioyned was,
Whither the townſmens children all might paſſe
Gratis, and teaching haue, ſith ſtypends great,
Allotted was to th'one and th'others ſeate.
Now when his kinne of this had heard the fame,
They thought with coine to plant him in the ſame:
Meaning for ſchoole an vſher he ſhould haue,
And for his Church ſome Deacon, ſober, graue,
To both of which, ſmall penſions he ſhould giue,
And on the ſurpluſſage himſelfe would liue:
For this was in the daies of ignorance,
When men did wealth, not worthy arts aduance;
Beſides they thought, by this deuiſe to make
The world this foole for ſome wiſe *Solon* take.
When they ſhould heare what liuings he poſſeſt,
In which they none but men of note inueſt.
Hence from the King of Spaine by coyne they got
His royall letters, to commend this ſott
Vnto the Pope himſelfe for it was he,
That held this guift in his owne charitie.
Beſides a priuie item in them was,
His holineſſe ſhould ſuffer this rich aſſe
To be inſtald, and not examined,
As one whoſe art was onely famozed.
Onely three words of latine he was taught,

When

When with his letters firſt he ſhould be brought
Before the Pope: which ſpoken artfully,
He ſhould haue his diſpatch with breuity.
The firſt was this, making a reuerence,
He onely ſhould ſay, *Salue ſancte parens.*
The Pope then, *Vnde veniſti*, would reply,
De Spania muſt he ſay, then by and by.
Vbi ſunt litteræ (laſt) the Pope would ſay,
He then muſt anſwere, *In mantica mea:*
And take them forth, and kiſſing them he ſhold,
Forthwith diſpatcht be, with his bribing gold.
Thus being taught his leſſon by his friends,
Towards Rome he hies, for there his iourney tends.
But halfe the way he hardly had diſcernd,
Ere he had loſt the Latine he had learn'd.
Now as he beat his braines againe to find,
What he had loſt, though t'was out of his mind:
It fortun'd as he did amuze thereon,
To ſee come by a great Proceſſion.
One of the Prieſts whereof did loudly ſing,
Salue ſancte parens, that the ſtreets did ring.
When as this dunſe no ſooner heard the ſame,
But into his dull braine forthwith it came:
Thoſe were the words he onely had forgot,
And therefore ouerioyed at his lot:
Great haſt he makes to haue a ſwift acceſſe,
(By meanes of friends) vnto his Holineſſe.
Where falling downe low, *Salue ſancte parens*,
Sayes this foole Scholler, in an open audience.
The Pope not knowing what he meant by this,
Saies, *Non ſum mater Chriſti*, you your mark do miſſe.
The other ſenceleſſe (*Paraquito* like)
Not knowing what he ſpake or wrong or right,
De Spania, did reply with count'nance bold,
The Pope, that with a frowne did him behold,

Mumbled, *Demonium habe adoleſcen tu*;
In mantica mea, he replied, and drew
His bag, to giue his letters to the Pope:
Who thinking with the Diuell he ſhould cope,
Cried out, and for to run was ready preſt,
Till one of ſome more wit then all the reſt,
Found that an Aſſe was in a Lions hide,
Whoſe baſe ambition all men did deride.
But when the Pope the Spaniſh King did ſee,
So earneſt in this fooles behalfe to be:
And likewiſe did conſider how much gaine,
His coffers by ſuch *Idiots* did retaine:
Accipiamus pecuniam then he ſaid,
Et admittamus Aſinum in his ſtead.
Thus was the Spaniard lightned of his gold,
And both theſe liuings vndeſeru'd did hold.
Bembo, no ſuch like Pedant do I craue,
We and the world too many of them haue.
Let him be learned, and an honeſt man,
Let him haue both theſe vertues if you can.
" Where vertue reigneth moſt, leaſt vice is ſtill:
" Thy iudgement's good, I aske but thy good will.

The seuenth and last Satyre.

THE ARGVMENT.

Hee sheweth that honours change manners, and that many men increasing in fortune and riches, change their first good vertues and qualities, being either vnmindfull or vnthankefull towards such frō whom they haue receiued former courtesies, & how his desire alwaies was to liue at his study and booke quietly, and with a small liuing.

NOble [a] *Pistofile*, thou dost write to me,
If I the Dukes Embassador would be,
[b] Vnto Pope *Clement*, and for three yeares space,
In Rome liue Ledger, with all port and grace:

Written to the honorable *Bonauenter, Pistofilo*, Secretary to *Alphonso* Duke of Ferrara.

[a] *Arioſto* writ this Satyre a little before hee got leaue to giue ouer his Liuetenancie of Graffanana, which he so much misliked. and this *Pistofilo* being Secretary to the Duke of Ferrara, obtained licence for him to come away, not long before which time he offred him to go Embassador to Pope *Clement*, but he would not in any wise accept it. [b] *Clement* the seuenth, was base sonne to *Iulio* (*Leo* the tenths brother) he was called *Iulio* before, & was first made knight of the *Rhodes*, by the afore named *Leo* his kinsman, and after that, Cardinall and Legat of Bologna. He was so mightie when he was Cardinal, as making his entry into two Conclaues, he was absolute commander of 16. voices. He was at last made Pope within two yeares after the death of *Leo*, notwithstanding the many obtrusions and emulations of the most ancient Cardinals. This man married *Catherine di Medices*, his Neece, vnto the second sonne of *Francis* the French king: and in his time was Rome sacked by the Emperial armie (whereof the Duke of Burbon was General, & was slaine before the walles) and the Pope himselfe, with certaine Cardinals, taken prisoners. Hee died hated of all his Court, suspected of most Princes, & for the order of his life, he left behind him a renowne, rather hatefull then acceptable: for hee was accounted couetous, of little fidelity, and naturally farre off from doing pleasure to any man, insomuch that hee was in a manner vnwilling his owne house of Medici should be aduanced.

To

To giue thee notice, and thou wilt with paine,
To my requeſt this ſuit and glory gaine.
Beſides, with reaſons thou doſt me perſwade,
That I would in this noble motion wade:
As firſt that all men haue eſteemed me,
A perfit friend vnto the *Medici*:
That we acquaintance moſt familiarly,
Haue had together, and moſt inwardly:
As well when they at firſt were baniſht men,
As when their City cald them home agen.
c That I knew *Leo* after and before
On crimſon ſhooe the golden croſſe he bore.
Next (that beſides thou thinkſt, I profit ſhould
The Dukes eſtate) vnto my ſelfe it would
Exceeding gaine, and mightie profit bring,
Beſides the ſteps of honour I ſhould win.

c Although our Poet was well acquainted with Pope Leo and all the houſe of Medici, when they were but priuate Citizens, and after when they obtained greater dignities: yet hee like a wiſe man, looking into the world, and perceiuing the faſhion of countries, how they would giue faire words, but doe few kind deedes, conſidering how well hee deſerued at their hands, hee very cunningly drewe his necke out of the collar, and gaue ouer the Court. But to come to *Leo* the tenth againe, he was choſen Pope, the ſeuenth day after the Cardinals went into the Conclaue, being then but 37. yeares old, the young Cardinals being the occaſion of his election, by their great induſtry, hauing long time before ſecretly agreed amongſt themſelues, to create the firſt Pope of their number: his name was *Iohn* before. He was a mightie Prince in his time: for he poſſeſſed in peace, and great obedience, the large eſtate of the Church of Rome, and his whole court floriſht wonderfully vnder him, in plentifull happineſſe and felicitie. Hee had full authoritie ouer the ſtate of Florence, which in thoſe daies, was a common wealth mighty in people, policy, and riches. He was naturally inclined to pleaſures, & therefore tooke no great delight in hearing of ſuits and buſying himſelfe about ſuch affaires as concerned the Apoſtolicall ſea: his cuſtome was to conſume the day in hearing of muſick, in ſeeing of ſtage-plaies, and trifling with ſcoffers and ieſters, and was ſo effeminate, as hee was altogether eſtranged from warres, giuing himſelfe ſo much to eaſe, that he grew ſo corpulent and fat, as though he was but a yong man, yet was he ſcarce able to goe vpon his legs. Beſides, he was ouer liberall & magnificall, inſomuch that he not onely waſted the treaſures that *Iulio* the 2. his Predeceſſor left him, but alſo was euer poore & needy. He had no great care to raiſe or make great his houſe or kindred, after his 2. brethren *Iulio* & *Peter* were dead, being greatly vnfortunate in this, that he liued to ſee in himſelf the end of his own houſe, excepting one yong maiden, who was called *Katherine de Medices*, of whom we ſpake before. He died in Rome of a feuer But as ſome ſay, he was poiſoned by *Barnaby Maleſpina*, his Chamberlain, whoſe office was alwaies to giue him drink, & it was thought he was hired thereunto by the French king then liuing.

That

That in a riuer great, more fiſh are caught,
Then in a little brooke of eaſie draught:
That Princes ſeruices haue no compare,
And where we profit find, all pleaſures are.
But now that you haue to my minds beſt eie,
Explain'd your wiſedome, hearken my reply.
Firſt to thy noble vertues thankes I giue,
That thus in thy remembrance I do liue:
And that I find thou alwaies didſt contend,
How me vnto aduauncements to commend:
Seeking to make me worthy as the beſt,
When my dull ſpirit with no fire was bleſt.
Next, I aſſure thee, willingly I wold,
Paſſe fire, or flood, or any freezing cold,
To ſerue the Duke: nor ſhalt thou me command,
To Rome alone, but euery other land
Ile poſt through willingly, and trie the fate
Of Fraunce, of Spaine, or of the Indian ſtate.
But where thou ſaieſt, that I ſhall honours gaine,
And to my ſelfe a world of wealth attaine,
If that thou thinkeſt will moue, then pardon me,
For in that point I cannot iump with thee:
[d] Other deuices muſt allure my minde,
Ambition in my thoughts I neuer find,
Honour I haue too much, I none do lacke,
And faine I would diſcharge ſome from my backe.
It ſhall ſuffice, as through Ferrara I
Walke, to diſpatch my buſineſſe ſeriouſly:
Each one that meetes me, giues me courteſie,
Vaileth his hat, and ſpeaketh thankfully:
[e] For all men know it oft hath pleaſ'd his grace,
That I at his owne table ſhould take place.
Nor when or for my ſelfe, or for my frend,
I do the weight of any ſuit commend,
Am I repulſt: but what I wiſh to draw,

[d] *Vulpes aens. ſalhaud capitur laqueo. Arioſto* had tried the Court ſo often, where he found onely words & no deedes.

[e] *Alphonſo* duke of Ferrara vſed him very kindly, making him in ſome ſort his compa nion, though otherwiſe hee got little in his ſeruice.

(So it agree with reaſon or the Law)
And (if although my mind be ſatisfide,
With all that doth in honours power abide)
I had ſo much of wealth that my deſire,
Vnto a greater height could not aſpire:
I then ſhould quiet be, where now my minde,
To keep a compaſſe right, I neuer find.
I for my ſelfe but this wiſh and no more,
That I might liue, not beg of others ſtore.
Which henceforth ile not hope for, ſince I proue,
So many mightie men haue vow'd my loue,
As might haue made me rich, and yet refuſed,
(For little I haue had, and leſſe haue vſed)
Whence growes the cauſe that thus I poorely ſerue,
Although I might ſay, better I deſerue.
[f] I will not that the power which once was ſlow,
From careleſſe *Epimethus* crue to go,
Shall draw me like a Buffone by the noſe,
Nor will I more delight in flattering ſhoes.
Much doth the painted turning wheele me feare,
Which after one ſelfe manner euery where
Is drawne by painters: true t'is like to be,
When as ſo many in one thing agree.
[g] He that ſits on the top thereof's an Aſſe,
All know this riddle, and may let it paſſe
Without a *Sphynx* which may the ſame expound,
The meaning with ſuch eaſineſſe is found.
[h] Beſides, theſe ſeene that all which mount on hie,
Eftſoones refine their members curiouſly.
[i] And what of earth behind doth heauy ſtay,
That keepes him backe in all things as it may.
The very hope it ſelfe to mind I call,
Which with the leaues and flowers came firſt of all,

[f] Fortune is fained by the Poets, to be ſlow in eſcaping from the veſſel of *Epimetheus*: that is, an after wit is better then a fore-wit, a good lucke commeth not ſo ſoone as an ill. Of this *Epimetheus*, you may read more in *Plato*.

[g] Alluding to the common ſaying, *Fortuna fauet fatuis*: for commonly it is ſeene, who deſerueth beſt, findeth leaſt fauour at her hands.

[h] He ſaith that euery one that is lifted vp vpon the wheele of Fortune looketh hie, forgetting his old friends, & becommeth a new man as it were, not remembring his old poore acquaintance, with whom he ſo familiarly conuerſed before.

[i] Meaning honours changeth manners: Affirming that a meane man raiſed to dignity, and then humbling himſelfe, as he did before, ſhall bee rather hindred then aduanced thereby, and therefore he muſt keepe ſtate ſtill.

But

But after fled away: nor did September,
Expect all this, and more I can remember,
[k] The day the Church was vnto *Leo* giuen,
For ſpouſe, and (for her dowry) endleſſe liuing:
When at that mariage, I ſo many ſaw,
Of my beſt friends, who then to Rome did draw;
On whom faire ſcarlet honours were beſtow'd:
Whilſt I liued ſtill with my poore needy load,
The Calends came, the Ides were paſt and gone,
Yet I of any was not thought vpon.
I could not be remembred, and yet I:
Remember this, and ſhall do till I die.
[l] O t'is moſt vaine, for man on man to truſt,
Ile none beleeue, they all are moſt vniuſt.
That day came down from heauen fond fooliſh hope
And went to forraine ſoiles, when firſt the Pope
Imbrac't and kiſt me (though it was vnmeet)
Whileſt proſtrate I fell downe before his feet.
But afterwards, when I perceiu'd that nought,
(Saue aire of words) his fauours to me brought:
And that experience taught me how to know,
That onely ſhadowes from ſuch grace did flow:
I then began to giue deſpaire my hand,
And plainly ſaw, I fiſht on the drie land:
And ſince that time I vow'd, none to beleeue,
Nor more (for what I cannot haue) to greeue.
[m] There was a *Gourd* or *Melton*, long agoe,
That (in a while ſhot vp) ſo high did grow,
As it a Peare-tree (neighbour by) ſo couerd,
That with her leaues, his boughes were welny ſmotherd.
Now this ſame Peare-tree on a morning chaunſt
To ope his eies, and round about him glaunſt:
For he had ſlept a mightie ſleep and long,
And ſeeing how this new fruit did him wrong,
Said vnto it: What art thou, and what chaunce,
Makes thee ſo ſoone thy proud head to aduaunce?

k He meaneth *Leo* the tenth of whom wee ſpake before.

l An excellent ſaying of *Arioſto*, and a worthy precept to know the inconſtancie of common friendſhip.

m He applieth his haſty poſting to Rome, to be aduanced by Leo when hee was made Pope: (of which hee was deceiued) and the ſuddaine riſing of Leo and the *Medici*, & his chiefe friends, to the ſprouting of this Gourd, which as it roſe haſtily, ſo did it fal ſuddainly, and ſo did they all, *Arioſto* of his expectatiō, the Pope and al his followers of their glorie,

Where wert thou hid, when I fell firſt aſleepe,
That ore my head, thus proudly thou doſt peepe?
The Gourd told him her name, & ſhew'd the Place,
Where on the ground below ſhe planted was:
And that in three months ſpace, it did attaine,
Vnto that height in which it did remaine.
And I (replide the tree) with mightie feare,
Haue hardly got this taleneſſe which I beare:
Although this thirtie yeares I here haue growne,
And haue all ſeaſons and all weathers knowne.
But thou which in the twinkling of an eie,
Haſt raiſ'd thy faire head euen into the skie.
Aſſure thy ſelfe as thou art grown in haſt,
With ſelfe like ſpeed, thy glories all ſhall waſt.
Euen ſo my hopes which made me poſting come,
My vaine fond hopes, which brought me firſt to Rome,
Might well haue ſaid, I came in fitter time,
[n] Euen when the *Medici* were in their prime,
That I did help them when they did remaine
Exiles, and ſought to bring them home againe:
And that to make the Lambe like *Leo* proue,
A Princely Lyon I did thither moue.
[o] He that had held *Charles Soſinas* braue ſpright,

[n] Although the chiefe of the houſe of *Medici*, had but ill fortune, which were Pope *Leos* brethren, yet *Clement* his kinſeman, who within two yeares after ſucceeded him in the Papacie, raiſed vp againe (although in a manner conſtrained thereunto) his familie in Florence; for hee ſent for his nephew *Alexandre*, out of Flaunders, where he followed the Emperour *Charles* the fift, who comming to Florence, proclaimed himſelf abſolute Duke of that City. He married the Emperours baſe daughter, and carried himſelfe very ſtoutly towards the people, inſomuch as in the end hee was ſlaine by a kinſeman of his owne, called *Laurence di Medices*; who thereupon fled to Venice, & was afterward ſlaine by certaine men, in hope of a reward which was proclaimed to be giuen to him that could take the murtherer either aliue or dead. *Alexander* being thus diſpatcht, *Coſmo* the ſon of *Iohn di Medices*, was choſen Duke of the Florentins, who liued ſome 23. yeares after his election. He married *Don Diego di Tolledos* daughter, Viceroy of Naples, & had diuers children by her, of which *Franceſco* ſucceded him, & after his death then *Ferdinando* his brother who was called *Ferdinando di Medices, gran Duca di Tuſcano*. This *Ferdinando* married the daughter of the Duke of Lorrain, grandchild & executrix to *Katherine di Medices*, late Queene mother of Fraunce.

[o] This *Soſina* was a noble man of Romagna in Italy, allied to the Strozzi of Florence, and therefore one that could not brooke the greatneſſe of the *Medici*.

Would

Would then perhaps haue ſaid in open ſight,
p VVhen he had heard *Lorenzo* to be nam'd
By ſtile of Duke, and with that title fam'd:
q He to Duke *Nemours* would as much haue ſaid,
And not of ſcornefull eies haue ſtood afraid
r Vnto the Cardinall of Roſi, and
ſ To *Bibiena* (mightie rich in land)
VVho had bene better much if he had ſtaid
t At Torſy, then a red hat to haue ſwaid.

p When Leo the tenth was Pope (as I ſaid before) hee vniuſtly expulſt the Duke of Vrbin out of his lawfull eſtate, & placed his nephew *Laurence* in that Dukedome, who had to wife through the fauour of *Francis* the French King, Lady *Magdalena*, nobly deſcended of the Duke of Bullion, with a yearely reuenewe of ten thouſand crownes, during her life. But this mariage proued but fatall vnto them both, for after hee had beene a while in France where he conſūmated his wedding, his wife died, and he within a while after followed her, leauing none other heire of his bodie lawfully begotten, then one young daughter called *Katherine* who as I ſaid before, was maried to the French King *Henry* the ſecond: ſhe dyed in *Anno* 1588, about the ſame time that the Duke of Guiſe was ſlaine in the Caſtel of Bloiſe by her ſonne *Henry* the third, king of France and *Poland*. In this foreſaid *Katherine* ended the direct and right line (ſpeaking of thoſe which were lawfully begotten) of *Coſmo di Medices*, ſurnamed the great. The aforenamed *Laurence*, was a man of great hope for his yeares, for his valour and learning, and was a great *Mecenas* and fauourer of the learned: he left a baſe ſonne behind him called *Alexander* firſt Duke of Florence, who, as I ſaid but euen now, was afterward ſlaine by his owne kinſman.

q He meaneth *Don Iulian*, Pope *Leos* brother, who died of a conſuming and languiſhing diſeaſe in Florence, whoſe wife *Philiberta* of Sauoy, although ſhe was but yong, and with all paſſing faire, when her husband left her widowe, notwithſtanding ſhe had many great offers of diuerſe Princes which then liued: yet did ſhe (to the wondring of euery one) giue ouer the world voluntarily, retiring her ſelfe into a Nunnery, which ſhe her ſelfe had built, where ſhe liued in deuotion vnto her dying daie.

r This was a noble man of Florence, a follower of the *Medices*, and by *Leo* made Cardinall.

ſ He meaneth *Barnard Diuitio* of Bibiena, who was a mightie man of wealth, and a true friend vnto the *Medices* in all their troubles, aiding them continually with men and money. A man of that good conſcience, that *Don Iulio* Duke of Nemours made him his executor when he died, although as then he had two brethren aliue, which were Pope *Leo*, and *Peter* the eldeſt of the three.

t Torſy was *Bibienas* cheefe houſe or place, not farre from Caſentino. The Poet ſaith, he had beene better to haue liued quietly at home, then to haue beene Cardinall, becauſe it coſt him ſo much in aſſiſting the *Medices* in their troubles, and againe, becauſe hee did not long enioy that honour, but dyed.

u He would haue ſaid vnto *Conteſina*,
x To *Magdalena* (beautious at that day)
y Vnto the daughter and the Mother in lawe,
z And all that houſe which euery one then ſaw
Orecome with ioy, euen thus I ſay, he wold
Talke to the worlde with courage ſtrong and bold,
Thy ſimilie moſt properly applide,
May be to them which doe with greatneſſe bide:
For as their ioies aboue all ioies did runne,
So ſhall they quickly fade and be vndone.
a All men muſt die, their time indures not euer,
And this ſtrong fate can be eſchewed neuer:
That *Leo* alſo ſhall his life reſigne
Ere Troies firſt founder ſhall into the ſigne
Turne eight times: this as goſpell is moſt true,
For ſo each thing did afterwards enſue.
But to ſpend much idle talke herein,
I ſay, I firſt of all did then begin,
To giue ore all my more then fooliſh hope,
When I got nothing of my beſt knowne Pope.
If *Leo* gaue my fortunes nothing, then
Tis vaine to hope for gaine from other men.
(Deare Lord) thou muſt with other hookes and draught
Fiſh for me, if thou looke I ſhall be caught:
But if perforce thou wilt haue me to goe,
Thy will be done, and I am preſt thereto:
Yet honour ſhall not moue me, Riches leſſe,

u *Conteſina* is the name of *Leo* the tenths mother.

x This was the King of France kinſwoman, & wife to *Laurence* the Popes nephew, of whom wee ſpake before.

y This was *Alfonzina* the Popes ſiſter, & mother vnto *Laurence di Medices*, vnto whō *Leo* graunted a donation of the profits, and exactions of the indulgences in many places in Germany, vpon which occaſion *Martin Luther* began firſt to take exception againſt the Pope for the ſame, and ſo conſequently againſt the popiſh religion.

z The coronation of *Leo* was ſo ſumptuous and coſtly, that many tooke exceptions againſt the ſame, as in Guychardine more at large apeareth.

a All that were at the coronation of *Leo* in their iollitie (I meane the greateſt perſons) died within a while after, firſt *Peter* the elder brother was drowned, *Iulian* the ſecond conſumed to death ſhortly after, *Laurence* their nephew died of a languiſhing diſeaſe in France, and his wife a little before him, left her life there alſo, ſo likewiſe *Conteſina* the Popes mother, *Alfonzina* his ſiſter, the Cardinals of Roſſi and Bibiena, yea and the Pope *Leo* himſelfe, all theſe I ſay dyed one after another in a ſhort ſpace, as namely in the ſpace of eight yeares and leſſe.

For

For neither of them both I would poſſeſſe:
Honor I ſcorne, for tis meere vanity,
And riches mix not with my deſteny.
[b] Say rather I ſhall leaue this place I keepe,
Nor longer with theſe barbarous people ſleepe,
More rude then are the rocks wherin they dwell,
So rude their maners are, and wrath ſo fell,
Say, I ſhall not be troubled, ſome to fine,
Some to exile to kill or to confine:
Whilſt I complaine that force doth ouerſway
All reaſon, yet that force I muſt obay.
Tell me I ſhall haue leaſure and fit time
To talke vnto the Muſes in ſweete rime,
And midſt faire groaues and arbors to deuiſe
The ſtrength of verſe and rarely poetize.
[c] Tell me, with *Sadolet*, with *Bembo*, *Ienio*,
With *Molza*, *Vida* and with *Bloſio*;
VVith *Tibaldo* and *Pontanus*, and the reſt,
I may liue at mine eaſe, moſt happy bleſt,
Taking for guide, which of them beſt doth pleaſe me:
Or altogether iointly ſit and eaſe me,
VVhilſt they to me old Romes antiquitie,
Diſcribe at large with graue authority:
[d] Saying here *Circus* was, and here did ſtand
Forum Romanum, and here on this hand
[e] *Saburra* ſtoode, this *Sacer Clivus* was,

b He intreateth (rather thē to be troubled any more) to be rid firſt of his liuetenancy of Graffignana, the country beeing ſo full of factions and diuiſions, & ſuch a number of rebels & *Banditi* ſwarming euery where, as he was in a maner wearie of his life.

c Theſe are the names of certaine learned men, then abiding in Rome, and familiar friends and acquaintances with our Poet.

d Circus was a place like our tilt-yards, where the ancient Romanes vſed to runne with Charriots and horſes for certaine games or priſes.

e Saburra was a ſtreete moſt of all frequented in Rome, by reaſon there dwelled many Curtezans, for *Vbi cadaver ibi Corui*: and therefore like enough to giue occaſion of much quarell and miſrule amongſt youths, as appeareth by *Iuuenall* and *Martiall* in theſe verſes.

Famæ, non nimium bonæ puellæ,
Qvales in media ſedent Saburra.

And

And now by *Veſtaes* Temple you do paſſe:
Tell me, I cannot any thing indite,
(Nor of what ſubiect beſt ſhall pleaſe me write)
But I may counſaile haue and take aduiſe,
If any doubt doth in the Author riſe:
That out of Latine, Tuſcan, or of Greeke,
I may tranſlate, or any pleaſure ſeeke.
Beſides the number great thou maiſt me tell,
Of worthy ancient bookes which doe excell:
[f] All which Pope *Siſtus* through the world of late,
Did gather for the good of publick ſtate,
Whilſt this rare library each one may vſe,
And what him liſt may from it cul and chuſe.
Now when ſuch proffers thou ſhalt make to me,
Of noble worth, account, and dignitie,
And yet this Iourney I refuſe nere-leſſe,
Thou then maiſt ſay that frenzy doth poſſeſſe,
My troubled braine, and melancholy fits,
Hath brought diſtemperature vnto my wits.
But I, in ſtead of anſwering thee, wil play
[g] As did *Emilius* once, who forth did lay
His foote vnto his friend, ſaying you ſee
How cleane my ſhoe is made, how neate, how curiouſly,
And yet for all this, little doſt thou know,
Where it doth wring me, or doth gall my toe.
He takes me from my ſelfe that doth remoue
My bodie from the natiue ſoile I loue:
For being abſent thence, I cannot liue,
Yea, lay I in *Ioues* lap, I yet ſhould grieue:
And ſhould I not be daily one of thoſe,
Who for their morning walks with pleaſure goes

[f] One of the rareſt libraries in the world, built in the Popes pallace of Saint Peter in Rome by *Siſtus Quartus*, and much augmented by *Siſtus Quintus*, it is thoght there are not ſo fewe as ten thouſād bookes little & great within the ſame.

[g] This *Emilius* was a noble Roman, who hauing maried a maruailous faire & beautifull yong Lady, put her away, and being blamed of his friends for ſo doing, held out his foote vnto them, ſaying, ſee you this my ſhooe how fine it is made, how well it ſits vpon my foote, and how handſome it is for me, and yet none of you all knoweth in what part of my foote it wringeth and pincheth me: euen ſo my wife, although as you ſay, ſhe is faire, courteous, wittie and well ſpoken, yet none of you know in what ſort ſhe offendeth me.

h Betweene the *Domo* of Ferrara, and
Thoſe famous ſtatues which richly ſtand,
Of my two noble Marqueſſes, then I
Should die with greefe, to want that liberty,
And leaner would my viſage be then his,
Whoſe lips the water and the fruit doth kiſſe:
Yet hath no power either of both to taſte,
But pines with hunger, and away doth waſte.
Francis the firſt French king that bare that name,
One day by fortune vnto Paris came,
And by a wealthy Burgeſſe feaſted was,
Whoſe ſumptuous cheare and bounty did ſurpaſſe.
Now whilſt the King amongſt his minions ſate,
And merrily diſcourſt of euery ſtate:
Each one began to tell ſome wondrous thing,
And mongſt the reſt one told vnto the king,
That at that time within the Cittie was
An old man liuing, who by geſſe did paſſe
The age of foureſcore yeares, yet nere was ſeene,
Out of the walles of Paris to haue beene.
The King admiring at this tale, ſtraight ſent
For this old man to come incontinent,
And of him did demand if true it was,
That he beyond thoſe walles did neuer paſſe:
Or whether feare or loue became the cauſe,
Which his affections to ſuch ſtraitnes drawes?
The old man thus replide, So pleaſe your grace,
I was borne, bred, and brought vp in this place,
And now I am foureſcore and ten aboue,
In all which time my foot did neuer moue
Out of the citties gates, though men of worth,
Haue by intreaty ſought to get me forth:
So that was not command, but mine owne will,
Which in this towne hath thus confind me ſtill:
Beſides no motion in my minde hath moued,
From whence the countries ſight ſhould be beloued.

h He meaneth the two ſtatues in the market place of Ferrara as you go to the *Domo*, (which is the Cathedrall Church of the ſame Citie) the one of *Lionel*, and the other of *Borro*, two Princes of the houſe of Eſte.

Well then replide the King, ſince this long ſpace
Thou freely with thy friends haſt held this place,
Henceforth I charge thee on the paine of death,
Thou not preſum'it ſo long as thou haſt breath,
To looke beyond theſe walles, for I intend,
As thou haſt liued, ſo thou ſhalt make an end.
The poore old man, who neuer long'd before
To go out of the towne or out of dore,
As long as it was in his libertie:
Now that he ſaw he to the contrary
Commanded was, with a moſt ſtrange deſire,
To ſee the country he is ſet on fire:
But ſeeing by conſtraint he thus was tide
Againſt his will, for very greefe he dide.
Noble *Piſtophilo*, no ſuch minde I hould
At this old man did, but I rather would
Liue in Ferrara euer from my birth,
Then any forraine nation of the earth:
Yet ſhould I be compeld to leaue that place,
And goe to Rome, it would be leſſe diſgrace,
Then to continue in this helliſh ſoile,
Where nothing is but trouble and turmoile:
But if my Lord intend me any fauour,
O let him call me home, or ſend me rather
[i] Vnto Argento, Bondena, or where
He can deuiſe, ſo I may not liue here.
If needs I muſt be made a toiling beaſt,
I faine would haue my burthen with the leaſt:
No packhorſe, but a foote cloath would I be,
For they but one man carie eaſily.
To ſerue the Duke my ſoule did neuer grudge,
Onely I greeue to be a common drudge.
But now if you demand the reaſon why,
I loue mine owne home thus exceedingly,
I will as willingly the ſame confeſſe,
As I my grieuous ſins doe more or leſſe,

[i] Argento & Bondena are Cities belonging to the Dukedome of Ferrara, to which *Arioſto* was often ſent by the Duke, & many times vp and downe about his buſines, which hee miſliked very much.

Plain-

Plainely diſcharge to my Confeſſors eares,
When at the ſhrift he all mine errours heares.
And yet I know, that thus replie you can,
And ſay: loe heere a perfit well ſtai'd man,
Of foureſcore nine yeares at the leaſt, and yet,
Of youths worſt looſneſſe he muſt haue a fit.
[k] So much to pleaſure he his minde doth giue,
That without wantoneſſe he cannot liue:
But it is well for me, that I can hide
My ſelfe within this valley where I bide,
And that an hundred miles thy purer eie,
Cannot extend to ſee my vanity:
Or whether pale or red, I chaunce to looke,
When with eſcapes I ſuddainly am tooke.
For then thou ſhouldſt perceiue, I bluſht for ſhame,
Although my letter doe not ſhew the ſame:
[l] And thou wouldſt thinke that neither old dame *Amber*,
Nor her young daughter (good ſtuffe in a chamber)
For all their varniſh, looked halfe ſo red:
Or that old father *Canon* lately dead,
When he let fall amidſt the market place,
A bottle full of wine (with foule diſgrace)
Which from a Frier he had but ſtolne before,
Beſides (which were about him found) two more.
Were I but with thee now a while, I doubt
Thy loue would with my folly haue about:
And with a cudgell, thou wouldſt beat me well,
To heare theſe frantike reaſons which I tell,
And do alleage to liue where as thou art,
For were I with thee, I would neuer part:
But nature and my duty bids me ſerue
My Prince and country, as they do deſerue,
[m] Although there is another whom I would
Rather attend on, if get leaue I could.
Great Lord, thou art a Courtier by thy place,

[k] Hee frankly confeſſeth that hee cannot liue except hee enioy the compaſſe ny of his Miſtreſſe.

[l] The firſt a notable old mother baud, and the other a famous Courtezan of Ferrara, in thoſe daies.

[m] He meaneth his Miſtreſſe, whom he ſaith he had rather attend on, then vpon any Prince in the world.

And

And maieſt command, for thou haſt ſpeciall grace:
The Dukes chiefe Secretary thou onely art,
And mak'ſt him bleſt that liues within thy hart.
[n] Although thou little in thy ſtature be,
The great'ſt in Court are glad to crouch to thee:
And truly worthy art thou of thy place,
Since to all vertues thou doſt giue all grace,
Wiſely thou doſt, for better t'is the loue
Of people, then their hatred to approue:
Chiefly where Princes as their fancies range,
Their fauorites do often chop and change.
But yet for all theſe caps and bended knees,
Which done vnto thee of all ſorts thou ſee's:
Sir (by your leaue) for all your gallant glory,
You ſometimes feele what makes you ſad and ſory.
Oft do you wiſh, deny it if you can,
That you might liue like to a priuate man.
Courts haue their croſſes, kingly crownes their cares
Who merrieſt liues, beſt of all men fares.
Vnto no Embaſſie do me preferre,
But to my Miſtreſſe, I would go to her.
[o] Intreat the Duke I may come home againe,
And thats the boone I craue of all thy paine:
Let him but me vnto Ferrara call,
And thou ſhalt haue my thankes, life, ſoule and all.

[n] This *Piſtoſilo*, Secretary to *Alphonſo*, Duke of Ferrara, was a mã low of ſtature, and little in body, but of ſo excellent a wit, and happy memory, that none liued in thoſe daias like vnto him. Beſides hee was of a ſweet conuerſation, and an humble carriage towards all men, inſomuch as being of the Dukes priuy Counſell, hee was greatly fauoured and beloued, as wel of his Prince as of the people. Duke *Alphonſo*, would merrily ſay, that what through his little *Pinace*, the *Bonauenture* and his ſtrong Caſtell *Barletto* (alluding to the name of his Secretary, which was *Bonauenter Poſtophile*, and his chiefe General of all his forces, called *Galeazo Barletto*, a famous Soldier) he thought himſelfe ſtrong inough to encounter with any of his neighbour Princes. This Secretary was an inward friend and of great acquaintance with *Nicholas Machiuel*, and *Peter Aretine*, who liued in the raigne of Henry the eight, of famous memory King of England. He died in Ferrara, but his body with ſolemne pompe was conuaied to be buried at Modena, where he was borne, it being interred in the Monaſterie of S. *Francis*, there where his monument is at this day to be ſeene.

[o] *Piſtoſilo* performed this requeſt of *Arioſto*, for within a while after, he had libertie to come to Ferrara, where he liued quietly, and in great credit, vntill his dying day.

FINIS.

Ariosto's *Satires* — those seven poetical epistles, in which with kindly cynicism he relates the main incidents of his life and the great events of the age — had also had early appreciation in England. Robert Tofte, who in 1598 tried his hand at the translation of the first three cantos of the *Orlando Innamorato,* made a version of them. The little volume was published under the name of Gervaise Markham in 1608, and reprinted in 1611. The first edition was printed by Nicholas Okes, and the second by William Stansby. The Boston Public Library has a copy of the first edition; the volume, however, is dated 1609. The earliest Italian edition of the *Satires* in the Library was printed at Venice in 1553.

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